

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,306, Vol. 50.

November 6, 1880.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THERE has been for some time little doubt of the result of the Presidential election, but the successes of the Republicans have exceeded their most sanguine expectations. They have carried all the Northern States, and they have obtained the control of both Houses of Congress. If the people of the United States care for the periodical excitement of a contest, it would seem as if they must invent a new party. It is true that at present all circumstances have been in favour of the party in power. The country has never before attained the same height of prosperity; no visible troubles impend at home or abroad; and Mr. HAYES says that the great body of citizens are as virtuous as they are fortunate. It is more certain that official and legislative morality has improved since the days of General GRANT. No Minister and no conspicuous politician has given occasion for scandal during the current Presidential term. Mr. HAYES and his advisers have carefully avoided collisions between the respective authorities of the Union and of the several States. With the growth of trade and population the financial condition has become more satisfactory by a large reduction of the interest of the debt, and by the rise of paper money to its nominal value. The SECRETARY of the TREASURY has not yet ventured on a genuine resumption of specie payments, for greenbacks still circulate with the privilege of legal tender; but no immediate inconvenience is likely to occur unless Congress insists on depreciating the currency by a substitution of silver for gold. The vicious legislation which Mr. SHERMAN has hitherto counteracted in practice was mainly promoted by the Democratic party in Congress. The attempts of some of their managers to coalesce with the Greenback or repudiating faction, for the purposes of the election, has probably been advantageous to the Republicans.

The Philadelphia Correspondent of the *Times*, himself an inveterate enemy of Free-trade, attributed, with much plausibility, the victory which he anticipated to the confidence reposed in the Republican party by the advocates of monopoly. General HANCOCK, indeed, had, in a published letter, denounced as absurd the principle of Free-trade, which he had evidently never taken the trouble to understand; but his excuse or disclaimer of sound doctrine was naturally interpreted as an admission of heretical tendencies. General HANCOCK deduced the necessity of a high tariff from the fact that a large revenue is required to pay the interest of the debt, and to meet the expenses of Government. The real Protectionists well knew that a larger revenue might be raised from lower duties, and they remembered that both the capital and the annual charge of the debt are steadily diminishing. A party seldom profits by an interested acceptance of the principles which are more consistently and more sincerely professed by opponents. The Republicans are unanimously hostile to Free-trade, and all hopes of their conversion must be abandoned during the life-time of the present generation. It is strange that a self-evident truth, affecting the interests of every community, should be rejected by all civilized countries with one accidental exception. If it had not happened that the English Protectionists were a small and aristocratic body, it is highly probable that the experiment of Free-trade would have been indefinitely postponed. Elsewhere, despotism and democracy seem

equally adverse to the welfare of consumers and to the greatest prosperity of the greatest number.

Foreigners will regard the result of the election with indifference, though, through old association, the Republicans are perhaps more popular in England than the Democrats. The party which has now been long dominant was in former times opposed to the extension of slavery; and it still professes a special regard for the rights of the coloured population in the South. If General HANCOCK had been elected, his party would assuredly not have attempted to tamper with the Constitutional Amendment, and the future President and Congress will not voluntarily challenge collisions with the Governments of the Southern States; but, on the whole, the negroes and their friends at home and abroad will welcome the Republican triumph. The defeat of the disorderly classes which are to be found in some parts of the Union is not to be regretted. The rabble of the great towns, including the majority of Irish immigrants, have always been allied with the Democrats. The mob which lately dealt with the poor Chinese at Denver as if they had been Connaught landlords may be assumed to have consisted of zealous Democrats. The leaders of the party, and probably the majority of the whole body, are intelligent and respectable; but the lowest part of the populace inclines to the cause with which TWEED and KEARNEY have at different times been associated. General BUTLER, who was not many years ago the leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives, has in the late contest supported the Democratic candidate. Some of his fellow-citizens, if they hesitated between the two parties, may probably have thought that they could not be in the wrong if they voted against General BUTLER. Another reason which has influenced many votes was the not unreasonable disposition to let well alone. The policy of the Republicans is known; and it was possible that newcomers might attempt innovation. It was certain that they would dismiss the actual holders of office, for the purpose of rewarding their own partisans. As no real political issue was raised by the contest, it may have seemed easier, and perhaps safer, to acquiesce in the existing state of things than to promote a change.

Republican partisans will exult more especially in their success in the doubtful States. The victory of the Republicans in the State elections of Maine and Indiana had not been decisive, for the result would have been different if the Greenback faction had concluded an alliance with the Democrats. The most remarkable change in the position of parties has been effected in New York. Some months ago the Republicans succeeded in electing the Governor of the State; but they admitted that their victory was only rendered possible by a schism in the ranks of their opponents. A demagogue named KELLY, who controls the Tammany organization, was determined to defeat the regular Democratic candidate on the pretext that he was a nominee of Mr. TILDEN. By detaching from the ranks of the party fifty or sixty thousand votes, KELLY secured the election of Mr. CORNELL. Before the Presidential election the feud had been temporarily or permanently abandoned, and KELLY exerted himself in the cause of HANCOCK. The Republicans scarcely thought it possible to carry the State, and they must now be astonished at their own success. It is of less importance that Connecticut, which was lately a Democratic State, has joined the winning

party. The Democrats have not been disappointed in their confidence in the unanimous support of the Southern States; but, to the general surprise, they find that the "solid South" is encountered by a not less solid North. A quarter of a century ago thoughtful American statesmen apprehended serious danger from the possible division of parties into geographical sections; but at that time the North had not established its supremacy by arms, nor indeed had any party contemplated the enterprise of maintaining the integrity of the Union by force. It was assumed that the South could at its pleasure secede; and it seemed not improbable that the catastrophe might occur, if the Republicans succeeded in overthrowing the long-established preponderance of the Democrats. The justice of the apprehension which had been entertained was proved by the rupture which instantly followed the election of Mr. LINCOLN by a minority of the whole number of votes. The Civil War might have begun earlier if the votes of the States had at any time been distributed as at present. Two sections of the Union appear to be placed in open antagonism; but the risk of separation no longer exists. The resistance of the South to Northern supremacy has been once for all overcome; and, even if a renewal of the struggle was practicable, the Southern States have no longer any special institution to defend. The Republicans believe or assert that Southern unanimity is so far fictitious that the coloured population of South Carolina and two or three other States of the former Confederacy are only prevented by irregular means from returning Republican candidates. It had always been foreseen that white American citizens would at any cost prevent the coloured race from taking or keeping possession of the State Governments. In all probability the ex-Confederates will retain the control of the South. The discontent which many of them feel will not lead them into the desperate enterprise of another rebellion. If the incoming Republican Government is well advised, it will do its utmost to conciliate the South. On the other hand, the Southern States can scarcely fail to despair of obtaining any advantage for themselves by a continued alliance with the defeated Northern Democracy.

GARIBALDI AT MILAN.

IN a state of almost utter prostration from failing health, General GARIBALDI has again shown himself in one of the great cities of Italy. This time it is to Milan that he has come, and he has made what was only too obviously a painful effort in order that a ceremony held in honour of him and of his famous band might not be shorn of his presence. A monument has been erected at Milan to the memory of those who fell at Mentana; and it was almost impossible that anything short of death should keep GARIBALDI away when the defeat of Mentana was to be solemnly commemorated. The Italians retain in a singular degree the gift of sculpture which seems lost through so great a part of Europe; and the new monument is said to be a triumph of Italian skill. It is fortunate for the people of Italy that they have the exceptional pleasure of being able, when they set up a monument, to set up one at which no one can laugh. But, even if the work of art had been less successful, the subject of which the memory is now revived could scarcely fail to appeal vividly to their feelings. On one face of the pedestal there has been placed an inscription which states that the defeat of Mentana obscures many victories. It is not very easy to say what are the victories which are thus obscured. But it is safe to say that Mentana was one episode in the history of Italian success, and that, although it chanced to be disastrous, it was otherwise just like the other incidents of national triumph. Over and over again Italy forced the hand of France only to find that France liked to have her hand forced, or was ready to acquiesce in what was done after it was over. Mentana was merely an experiment of the kind which had succeeded so well in Tuscany and the Eastern provinces of the POPE. If there had not been a strong popular feeling in favour of running a great risk, and ascertaining, in the only practical way, what the Emperor of the FRENCH really meant when he said that Italy should not have Rome, the Italian Government would certainly not have raised a finger. But there was such a feeling, and it thought it as well that the experiment should be tried. In the last week of September 1867 the King

issued a proclamation, saying that a private person like GARIBALDI could not be allowed to dictate its policy to the Italian kingdom, and GARIBALDI was arrested and sent to Caprera. Less than a month afterwards GARIBALDI left Caprera and was allowed to join his volunteers on the Roman frontier. On the same day the *Moniteur* published a notification that France did not intend to proceed with any armed intervention in favour of Rome, and, even when it was decided to send troops, the French Government issued a Circular announcing that it would propose that a Congress should meet to settle the Roman question. This was the invariable resource of the EMPEROR in a moment of hesitation. Congresses were his trumps, and when in doubt he played them. As the EMPEROR was evidently hesitating, the Italian Government thought it would give him a lift towards making up his mind. When it learnt that French troops were coming to Civita Vecchia, the Italian Government declared that it too would send troops over the frontier. GARIBALDI, who had already obtained a small victory over the Pontifical troops, informed his followers that he should no longer proceed on his own independent account. He had got the national troops to do the work which he had set himself to attempt, and he gracefully retired, as he had done before, in favour of VICTOR EMMANUEL.

But the EMPEROR had found that France looked with very great impatience on the high-handed proceedings of the Italians. There was the strong Catholic party to reckon with, and the EMPEROR had come to find more and more that he could not do without its support; and then in the year before Italy had leagued itself with Prussia, and Prussia was so much hated and dreaded in France that there was a great jealousy of those who had chosen to profit by her successes. Whatever doubts the EMPEROR may have at one time had, they were now at an end, and he thought that the course most convenient to himself and most considerate to the Italian Government would be to give GARIBALDI a sharp lesson. He and his volunteers were made the whipping boys of Italy. A body of French troops under DE FALLI attacked GARIBALDI on November 4th at Mentana, used their newly-invented chassepots, and found they worked wonders, wounded GARIBALDI, and killed those of his followers whose memory is now being celebrated at Milan. GARIBALDI was arrested by the Italian Government, kept for a few days in prison, and then sent once more to Caprera. Towards the end of the month there was a great debate in the French Senate, in the course of which THIERS vehemently inveighed against the folly of raising up a united Italy at the gate of France, and M. ROTHER, on behalf of the Government, declared that not only Rome itself, but every inch of the Papal territory was under the permanent protection of France. What happened three years later is a matter of notoriety. The chassepots had failed to work wonders on greater fields, and Sedan had cleared the path of Italy to Rome. After a feeble show of resistance, just enough to make it certain that he was yielding to actual force, the Pope ordered his troops to give up fighting, and General CADORNA entered Rome. He had just as much business to enter Rome as GARIBALDI had to put himself in a position to be defeated at Mentana. Italy was just as much responsible for the one act as the other, and the only difference was that there were French chassepots at Mentana and there were none at Rome in 1870. All these things are but parts of history that is already becoming old, but it is necessary to go over them once more in order that the significance of the Milan celebration may be understood, and that justice may be done, not only to those who fell at Mentana, but to GARIBALDI himself. The defeat of Mentana was not a mere event in the career of a rash adventurer. It was a part of the general history of Italy. The King, the Government, and the country were trying to repeat an experiment which they had found so often to succeed that they thought it worth while to try it again. This time the experiment failed, and most happily and conveniently for Italy all that happened was that a great adventurer was hit in the leg, and other minor adventurers revealed in their death the secret of what the chassepot could do until it was opposed to the needle-gun of a real army.

No one would think of saying that GARIBALDI is a wise man. He is full of odd notions which must seem as foolish as anything can be in the eyes of sensible people. When he was left in solitude after Mentana, he could think of nothing better than issuing an announcement to his coun-

trymen that he should never be truly happy until he saw the great shop, as he was pleased to call it, of St. Peter's turned into an asylum for the indigent. He is one of those democrats who hate not some priests or some Emperors, but all priests and all Emperors. By way of a deputation to him on behalf of France there have come to Milan M. ROCHEFORT and M. BLANQUI. The chief editor of M. GAMBETTA's paper has also appeared to testify the gratitude of M. GAMBETTA for the aid rendered, or attempted to be rendered, by GARIBALDI in 1870. But the main representatives of the country which he went to assist on the ground that it was the showing a healthy hatred of priests and Emperors, are two of the most irreconcilable of French irreconcilables. Even on the monument itself an inscription states that it has been erected by the democracy of Italy. Respectability in Italy keeps clear of Milan and the memory of Mentana. It looks askance while GARIBALDI is going through what may be the last scene of his romantic career. It could scarcely do otherwise. GARIBALDI helped to make Italy, but the Italy he helped to make could not last a day if it did what he wishes it to do. Italy has no other choice but to treat him at once as a hero and a madman. A hero whose common sense is on a par with the common sense of M. ROCHEFORT and M. BLANQUI is dead for any useful purpose to the world of homely practical politics. But nothing can be more indisputable than that GARIBALDI helped to make Italy, and his two great contributions to the making of Italy were the Sicilian expedition and the defeat of Mentana. By the one he gave VICTOR EMANUEL a kingdom, and by the other a vicarious sufferer, and although Mentana is almost forgotten now, and, if remembered, seems a small thing by the side of the Sicilian expedition, it happened to come at the precise moment when to have a vicarious sufferer was to the King of Italy almost as great a gain as to have Sicily itself.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

LORD NORTHBROOK said with literal truth at Birmingham that since the end of the Session the Government has taken no step with reference to the Eastern question, except in promoting or joining the naval demonstration. It was not the duty of a Cabinet Minister prematurely to let a popular audience into the secret of negotiations which are perhaps not yet concluded. The charges of undue diplomatic reserve which have been made against the Government are perhaps as unfounded as the incessant accusations of the same kind which were directed by the present Ministers against their predecessors. Vicious political practice has among other demerits the bad effect of provoking retaliation in turn. The fault of modern statesmen is rather excessive deference to popular curiosity than undue reticence. In accordance with earlier and sounder tradition, Lord NORTHBROOK regards as non-existent everything which has not appeared in an official or material form. If he has by accident read the statements and remarks of foreign journalists, or the communications of English newspaper correspondents, no ostensible impression has been left on his mind. Whether Germany, Austria, and France approve the policy of the English Government is a question which Lord NORTHBROOK has apparently not considered so far as to be prepared to answer it in public. He only knows that the European fleet is still on the coast of the Adriatic; and although, as FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, he may have been consulted or may have received contingent instructions, he properly regards Cabinet secrets as confidential and sacred. If Lord NORTHBROOK were not by nature and habit landably cautious, he might take warning by the inopportune garrulity of a less experienced colleague. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a few days ago could not resist the temptation to elicit a cheer by a thoughtless assertion that the Eastern policy of the Government was accurately foreshadowed in the speeches of the Liberal leaders when they occupied a position "of greater freedom and less responsibility." It is not surprising that Austrian statesmen, having no means of estimating Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's political importance, should resent the virtual repetition by a Cabinet Minister of the insulting language for which Mr. GLADSTONE was compelled to apologize. Lord NORTHBROOK more judiciously abstained from the use of phrases which could provoke a remonstrance in any quarter.

The long and vexatious delay in the surrender of Dulcigno is not likely to serve the interests of Turkey. If the controversy had been settled two months ago, the combined fleet would have separated with little probability that it would at any time reassemble. Probably Germany and Austria might have been so far conciliated by the good faith and good will of the Turkish Government as to have used their influence to prevent any immediate employment of force by the more zealous Powers. At that time France would almost certainly have withdrawn from the prosecution of a joint enterprise; and public feeling in England might perhaps have placed a check on the policy of the Government. It is doubtful whether M. GAMBETTA has since exerted his influence on behalf of Greece; but it is more than ever certain that he controls the fate of the present and future Ministries. The neutrality of Austria and Germany would not necessarily prevent four of the Great Powers from interfering actively in aid of Greece, if they thought fit to do so. It is true that they are under no obligation by treaty to compel the surrender of Epirus and Thessaly; but all the European Powers when they took part in the Berlin Conference were content to rely either on the admissions of the Turkish Government or on their own inherent right to control territorial arrangements. A war with Turkey for a political object might or might not be morally just or politically expedient; but, according to historical precedent, it would not so much violate as supersede international law. Whether English opinion would sanction a war of conquest voluntarily undertaken by the Government is a question to be answered by experience, if the case arises. Lord NORTHBROOK at least is not likely to consult beforehand the constituencies which he advises to content themselves with the knowledge of notorious transactions without troubling themselves with rumours, even when they are probably true. His answer to Lord SALISBURY was not less carefully adapted than his narration of facts to satisfy an audience devoted to the policy of the Government. Lord SALISBURY was accused of indifference to the execution of the Berlin Treaty because he had contended that England had no special interest in enforcing the clauses relating to Montenegro. Lord NORTHBROOK would certainly not maintain that the English Government was bound to enforce all the other provisions of the treaty. He was careful not to explain the course to be followed in dealing with Greece, which is not entitled to the benefit of any formal stipulation.

The Greeks, if they were troubled with nice conscientious scruples, might reassure themselves by devolving the responsibility of a probable war on the Powers which were represented at the Conference of Berlin. The award or decree which assigned Janina and Metsovo to Greece assumed the right of the kingdom to some territorial aggrandizement, and the competency of the Great Powers to determine the extent of the annexation. The abortive negotiations between Greece and Turkey involved a similar recognition; and, after all, the Greeks are thoroughly satisfied of their inherent right to take possession of any Turkish territory which they can conquer. At present the Government seems to have resolved on war, though its policy perhaps may not be fully understood. The PRIME MINISTER is said to have informed an English newspaper correspondent that the army has reached the number of 50,000 men, with as many more in reserve. He adds the statement that the Government has not the pecuniary means of calling out the entire national force, but that it hopes to raise money by loans and by contributions from wealthy Greek residents in Europe. A later statement, made by Mr. COUMOUNDOPOULOS in the Chamber, seems to indicate a purpose of delay. He laments that the recruits are still not fully armed, and that many of them are imperfectly instructed. Probably the Greek Government is waiting to learn the intentions of England, and perhaps of France. The ostentatious publicity of the armaments is probably not accidental. Much less provocation than the challenge which is openly addressed to Turkey would, according to reason and precedent, justify a declaration of war. No State is bound to wait till it is invaded when a probably hostile army is gathering on the other side of the frontier. The Greek Ministers may possibly hope to provoke an attack on the part of Turkey which would enable them to assume a defensive attitude. If a few Turkish regiments were to cross the frontier, or if a Greek port were blockaded, there would

be a better chance of obtaining assistance from some of the Great Powers. There can be little doubt that a rupture is expected and intended. No Government would have been justified in incurring an almost intolerable expenditure except for some serious purpose. A simple disarmament, involving a renunciation of claims to territorial aggrandizement, would not improbably produce a revolution. A defeat would be preferable, especially as Greece incurs no risk of permanent invasion or of conquest.

The KING and his Ministers are probably convinced that, even if they commence the struggle alone, the Great Powers, or some of them, will interfere, either as allies or mediators. In the present day it will not be thought necessary to wait, as in the old Greek war, until the weaker party is threatened with destruction. The Governments which are likely to be most active will not affect impartiality between the belligerents; and there will be other interests to consult. The population of the disputed territory has some right to be considered in the determination of its future destiny. There can be no doubt that Greek administration is, with all its shortcomings, preferable to Turkish rule; and wherever the Greek language is spoken annexation to the kingdom will be unanimously desired. Only a few foreigners feel a strong interest in the conflict between two semi-civilized races on the frontier of Montenegro and Albania; but the liberation of Greeks who are still subject to Turkish dominion is a desirable object, if it can be attained without injustice, and without counterbalancing mischief. The conflict has long been understood to be inevitable, though it might in other circumstances have been postponed. There has never been a time at which the Turkish Government would willingly have ceded a large territory to an unfriendly neighbour. The claim of Greece is neither more nor less just at present than at any time during the past fifty years; but the Government and people believe that the opportunity has come at last. They are so far well advised that they have now a better chance than at any former time of securing the inaction of some Powers and the more or less active aid of others; but they will probably be disappointed if they hope the English nation will allow its Government to engage in a sentimental war.

THE JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS.

THE transfer of Mr. Justice LUSH to the Court of Appeal was anticipated by the general expectations of the Bar and of the public. No one could be more fit to sit in a Court of Appeal, and no one could have better earned a seat in such a Court if he wished for it. Mr. Justice LUSH had been for fifteen years on the Bench, he had presided over many important trials, he had laid down much sound law, and he had worked hard to justify his nomination as one of the revisers of the Criminal Code. If his transfer is to be regarded as a promotion, he has amply deserved it. In itself, a seat in the Court of Appeal is not in any very obvious way a better thing than the post of a Puisne Judge. The pay is almost the same, and the work of a Puisne Judge is much more lively and interesting. The tedium of hearing long arguments from counsel for six hours day after day is not slight, and it would seem much more amusing to have the varied occupations of an ordinary judge, to have the excitement of *Nisi Prius*, the revelations of election inquiries, and the bustling from one Court to another only to find that the other is not going to sit. Our judicial arrangements are now very much like a game of puss-in-the-corner. Our judges plunge about, scamper into any Court that seems open to them, and always leave one of their number out in the cold. Then there is another plunge, another scamper, and the judge in the cold gets into a corner and is happy and useful for a moment. There is a bustle about such a life which is not without its attractions to buoyant and energetic spirits. The Judge of Appeal has to leave his home less frequently, is made a Privy Councillor, and has a little—a very little—more money. On the other hand, his occupation is more monotonous, and he enters on a life strangely devoid of fun and excitement. His real gain is the intellectual pleasure of sitting in judgment on other judges. He has to set himself to decide whether those who are his equals or superiors are wrong or right. That he should be recognized as fit for such a task is the real promotion which he wins, and has to justify. Unless he can

justify it, he knows that his incapacity will be detected, and denounced or overlooked according to his personal popularity. There is not the slightest reason for saying that the Court of Appeal overrules judgments for the mere pleasure of overruling them. But it often has to overrule judges, and the judges overruled may be so eminent that there would be serious discontent if the Court that overruled were not felt to be strong. The few days during which term has now lasted have supplied more than one striking illustration. The Common Law section of the Court of Appeal has been very short-handed. Lord Justice BAGGALLAY is away on Circuit, and the death of Lord Justice THESIGER has created a vacancy. Persons no less eminent than the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord COLERIDGE came to supply the vacant places, and sitting with Lord Justice BRETT have made a very strong Court indeed. If suitors cannot hope to get good law from such a Court, they cannot hope to get it anywhere. This Court has had occasion to overrule a judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and a judgment of the late CHIEF BARON. The cases were not, from a legal point of view, very important. The judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE was overruled in deference to a decision which the Judges of Appeal considered binding on them, but which two at least of their number plainly stated to be in their opinion wrong. The decision of the CHIEF BARON turned on a point of practice rather than of substantive law. But, still, there were two decisions of the heads of divisions, and, however right it may have been to overrule them, it was most desirable for the Bench and the public that the Court which overruled should be incontestably strong.

Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS has been appointed to the seat on the Bench which Mr. Justice LUSH quits, and no one can have a word to say as to his appointment, except that it is perfectly natural and proper. There was no one as to whom the Bar felt more sure that he would be made a judge, and the elevation of Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS to the Bench would have seemed equally inevitable whether he was in or out of Parliament. But he is in Parliament, and rendered a striking service to the Government and to his party by boldly contesting and triumphantly winning one of the seats that it was thought most difficult to wrest from the Conservatives. He was so proud of his triumph, and his constituents had so endeared themselves to him by the ardent support they had bestowed on him, that he seems to have felt some difficulty in terminating a connexion which gave him intense gratification. He first of all volunteered an engagement to them that he would not accept what he termed an ordinary seat on the Bench. There were, of course, temptations which he could not be expected to resist, but a *Puisne judgeship* was not one of them. But his constituents loved him too well to permit him to make any sacrifice for them. Even if it was only an ordinary seat on the Bench that was offered to him, and he did not see his way to getting anything else, they would part with him rather than let him throw away even a humble prize for their sakes. They understood that he longed to say "yes" when he stoutly said "no," and with considerate kindness they gave him the help he wanted, and pushed their coy member into a judgeship. Constituents could not have behaved more handsomely, and Mr. WATKIN WILLIAMS has repaid their considerate appreciation of the inner workings of his mind with a farewell of rapturous gratitude. He happens to be a Liberal and a member of Parliament, but his appointment can hardly be called a political one. His professional eminence was such that he was only just not made Solicitor-General; and, as his appointment as Solicitor-General would have been perfectly justifiable, he had a clear title to the offer of a judgeship. A political appointment, if it has any meaning, must mean the appointment of a man who, if he had not rendered political services, or did not command political interest, could not fairly expect what, in deference to such services or interest, is given him. Such appointments have no doubt been made from time to time, and Lord CAIRNS, of all people in the world, has been praised for not making them. Lord CAIRNS must be delighted to find that the memory of men is so short that it only goes back to the time when he found himself really free, and could make his selections out of pure consideration for the interests of the public. With the present Government the difficulty of deciding how far the claims of political support should outweigh the claims of professional eminence is not likely to arise for some time. There is a whole host of lawyers

who happen to be Liberals, and who happen to be in Parliament, but who are incontestably in the front rank of their profession, and any one of whom might take an ordinary seat on the Bench as easily and properly as he might take a Hansom-cab. It may even be doubted whether a seat in Parliament is in such circumstances any great help to the Bench. The Government may think more of a seat that must be contested and may be lost than of such services as a Liberal lawyer has been able to render by assiduously going into the right lobby. Carnarvonshire is probably safe, but it would be difficult to be equally confident about, for example, Southampton. Leading lawyers in the present day go into Parliament quite as much because they do not want to be made Judges as because they do. They make an income which is double, or perhaps nearly treble, the salary of a judge; they want to save while the power of saving still remains, and they only go into Parliament because they love to work themselves to death, and because they feel that they would not do perfect justice to themselves unless they added some sort of political distinction to the legal distinction which they unquestionably possess.

The last act of the new LORD JUSTICE as a Puisne Judge has been to pronounce judgment in the Worcester election petition. He even found himself confronted with an objection on the part of the petitioners which they would never have raised had they not felt sure they were going to lose. They intimated to Mr. Justice LUSH that they did not consider him an election judge at all. They got so far in whimsical Latinity as to pronounce him to be *defuncto officio*. Other election judges had been appointed for the year, and so, although he had heard the case, he ought not to give judgment. He swept away the airy cobweb with a firm brush, and he and Mr. Justice MANISTY proceeded to give their decision. This decision is worth noticing as bearing on the question whether it is wise to hand over election trials to two judges at an enormous inconvenience to ordinary suitors. The inconvenience was never felt more strongly than it is now. It is not merely that there are not judges enough to do the work that ought to be done, but that there are not judges enough to do half the work. Some judges are on circuit, others are trying election petitions. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has been indisposed. Baron HUDDLESTONE has gone abroad for his health. The casual appearance of a judge at Westminster is greeted as a curious and pleasant chance, like the unexpected arrival of an old friend at Chamouni or Pontresina. Therefore, if on any special occasion we seem to be getting distinct good out of telling off two judges to go to Worcester and hear what could be said about fifty-three alleged cases of bribery and fifteen cases of treating, such an occurrence deserves notice. As it happened, the judgment which had to be pronounced at Worcester was one which could not have been pronounced with equal effect by any one but judges, nor perhaps could one judge sitting alone have given it due weight. The judgment consisted one-half of a reprimand and one-half of a nice adjudication on a point of mingled law and fact. The petitioners were severely and most justly censured for having got up a petition which they had scarcely anything to support, and for making the gravest charges on the foundation of the most idle and malignant gossip. Their counsel had to abandon three-fourths of their cases of bribery, and treating as utterly worthless, and they had no evidence whatever to offer in support of the stinging charge of personal bribery which they had made against the sitting members, and in which they persisted until the last moment before coming into Court. Such petitions deserve to be reprobated not only on moral grounds, but as abuses of the machinery of justice. A different tribunal might have conveyed with equal effect a moral reproof, but judges alone could have protested with irresistible force against the abuse of a machinery over which, as the special representatives of justice, they were called to preside. The only point raised by the petition which called for serious consideration had reference to the closing of two polling-booths before the hour of the close of the poll had struck. The judges seem to have felt so much doubt as to this that they twice put off the time when their judgment was to be pronounced. After due deliberation they came to the conclusion that the polling-booths could not be said to have been technically closed before the appointed hour. Voting was interrupted, suspended, or delayed, but the returning officers never ceased to be willing and even anxious to do their duty. The

legal meaning of the term closing was, under the circumstances, so difficult to determine, that it would have been unsatisfactory if the decision had been made by any but experienced and eminent lawyers.

MR. CAIRD AND THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the publication of the Report of the Indian Famine Commission, there has appeared a correspondence which is on several accounts well deserving of attention. Mr. JAMES CAIRD, one of the members of the Commission, has for many years taken a prominent part in investigations into the agricultural economics of this country, and it was naturally hoped that his long experience in matters of this nature would be of service in throwing light on analogous questions as they present themselves in India. He was accordingly invited, apart from his duties as a member of the Commission, to submit in a separate memorandum any results at which he had arrived and any advice which he was in a position to offer. In compliance with this permission he laid before the SECRETARY OF STATE a summary of his general views of the country and a scheme of projected reforms. We have now the opinion of the Government of India on both. Such a document might well be expected to be instructive, nor does it disappoint our expectations.

Apart from its merits or demerits in other regards, there is one aspect in which Mr. CAIRD's letter is confessedly disappointing. It deals with a great variety of topics—with almost every topic, in fact, which comes within the range of administration, except the particular topic about which Mr. CAIRD had any special qualification to speak. When Lord SALISBURY observed that advantage to the cultivator might be anticipated from Mr. CAIRD's advice, he was no doubt thinking of scientific agriculture. Scientific agriculture, however, is the one subject about which Mr. CAIRD has literally nothing to say. There is not in his whole memorandum, from first to last, a single remark which implies the more accurate observation, the greater insight, of the scientific eye. Every one has known for years past that the yield of much land in India is extremely low—as low probably as centuries of reiterated cropping, without manure, can bring it; on the other hand, the Government has satisfied itself by careful experiments that Indian soil can, by proper treatment, be made to yield a crop as good as the best tilled land in Europe. The points on which information is sought are of a less simple character. In what manner can a restorative process be brought about over the 200 millions of acres now tilled by ignorant peasants, fast bound in the traditions and prejudices of a thousand years? What are the actual components and structure of the soil on which for centuries the same crops have been raised without perceptible deterioration? How far is it possible that intense solar heat, violent atmospheric changes, the sudden downpour of tropical rainfall, the raging sandstorms charged with electricity, may supply chemical ingredients essential to vegetable growth, but unknown in cooler regions? What are the causes of that mysterious saline efflorescence which in some districts follows irrigation, in others disappears before it? How far could deep ploughing supply, in the case of the highly absorptive black soil of the central peninsula, the place of irrigation? What possible sources of chemical manures exist which might work in Indian agriculture as mighty a revolution as has been within the last fifty years effected in Europe? On all these points much has been thought and written in India, and the opinion of a scientific agriculturist would be invaluable. On not one of them has Mr. CAIRD a word to tell us. He insists on the necessity of improved agriculture, as to which every one is agreed; but as to how to set about securing it he evidently knows as little—in fact, if he will forgive us for saying so, he seems to know a good deal less—than those whom he is professing to instruct.

It is not, however, of the negative demerits of Mr. CAIRD's letter that it is worth while to speak. If he had nothing new to say, his silence might easily be condoned. Unfortunately the modest rôle of silence was one for which Mr. CAIRD's temperament least inclined him. He was prepared not merely to criticize, advise, or suggest improvement, but to advocate changes tantamount to nothing short of a revolution, and to justify these revolutionary proposals by an indictment of the gravest kind against all the past and present administrators of the country. The outlines of his

views may be summarized—as far as possible in his own language—as follows:—India is a country the produce of which is barely sufficient to support the existing population, leaving a small margin for years of famine. "Scarcity, deepening into famine, is thus 'becoming of more frequent occurrence'; the people may be assumed to increase at the rate of one per cent. per annum, while the soil is undergoing gradual deterioration; 'of this there can be no stronger proof than that the land 'revenue is in some quarters diminishing.' 'The pressure on the means of subsistence is rendered more severe by the moral disorganization produced by laws, 'affecting property and debt, not adapted to the condition 'of the people.' The people are dissatisfied with our legal system. The British officials who see this are powerless to influence a central authority far removed from them, subject to no control of public opinion, and overburdened with details. The Government has drifted away from the patriarchal method of rule common in the East, under which the village community is left to its natural rulers, the village headmen. These headmen have been discredited; while, on the other hand, British officers are becoming year by year more strange to the people. Following out our English ideas, we have substituted the system of cash payment of revenue for payment in kind—"an ancient and 'common principle in all countries,' specially suited to small cultivators, carrying with it a natural check on overpopulation, and saving the people from harassing reassessments and dependence on the money-lender. The best proof of its success is that by its means the native Governments levy a revenue twice as large as ours without distress to their subjects. The principle is so sound and so suitable to the condition of the majority of the people that it ought to be tried in various parts of India. In the next place, we have conferred on the cultivator the right of property, and thus enabled him to mortgage his land. 'If he 'had no power to pawn his land, he could not obtain 'too much credit from his bankers; instead of the 'easy mode of borrowing, the cultivator would have 'to rely on his own labour, the land would be more 'honestly tilled, and would yield a more generous return. 'Having parted with these two sheet-anchors—the native 'village organization and the self-adjusting principle of 'land tenure with produce rents, Indian statecraft has 'fallen upon the quicksands of legal chicanery.' English ideas and details of the law affecting property and debt have been substituted for those of the East, and a large proportion of the official staff is engaged in technicalities which merely harass and impoverish the people.

It is natural that diseases so grave should necessitate searching remedies; and Mr. CAIRD's proposed reforms certainly do not fall short in this respect. The first is to suppress the Viceroy and the Government of India, substituting for it a system of six independent provinces, each in direct communication with and supervised by the Secretary of State. Each of the provinces would have its own financial system, its own public works, its own Council and Legislature, subject only to the control of the Home Government. In the next place, the Civil Service should be abolished. "Among Europeans there should be no 'longer a privileged service'; all but the purely legal officers should be recruited exclusively from the army. The removal of the best men from the army has, Mr. CAIRD admits, been objected to; but when the British army becomes the only means of entrance to the higher posts in the Civil Service, there would be a double inducement to enter it. Next, the very costly department of Public Works as a general office connected with the Viceregal Government should be closed, and each province carry on its public works as it pleases, native agency being more largely employed. Having thus set the Government to rights, Mr. CAIRD descends airily to the task of economic reform. The existing right of mortgage should, "whenever the opportunity arises," be withdrawn from the cultivators; at the same time they should be invited to redeem the Land-tax by paying double rates for thirty-five years, and thus become freeholders. These measures would, by promoting agricultural prosperity, strengthen the financial position of the country; but something might be done for its immediate restoration by a moderate and reasonable impost on special crops of value. Two rupees per acre on ten million acres of such crops would yield two millions sterling, an impost greatly to be preferred to the Income-tax; while a still vaster access of wealth might be realized by employing ten

millions of acres in various crops, from which 10l. per acre might be earned "when converted into a manufactured 'product by the well-employed industry of the people.' The Egyptian system of forced labour, under which a fourth at least of the adult population is kept at public works, without wages and without food, might, "with 'great public advantage and economy," be reverted to in India. When the programme is complete, "we might 'with confidence expect that the present cloud of peril 'and distrust would gradually give place to the steady 'growth of prosperity and contentment."

The Government of India, not impervious to a joke, has treated this strange medley with a grave politeness that sets its absurdity in the strongest possible light. It is not, it says, "inappropriate to remark that to perhaps 'every question upon which Mr. CAIRD writes the attention of the Government of India and the local Government has been for many years very carefully directed, 'and that most exhaustive discussions and reports are to 'be found regarding them in our offices.' This is the keynote of the reply which has to be given to Mr. CAIRD and other like critics of Indian administration, who scamper through the country for a few weeks, stop every few thousand miles to ask a question or interview an official, and then, in the plenitude of ignorance and presumption, consider themselves entitled to criticize and subvert measures which are the result of a century of patient thought and practical experience. Every one of Mr. CAIRD's so-called suggestions bears on it the stamp of this rash and ignorant folly. The Government which he so glibly proposes to suppress was planned by the greatest statesmen of the day a century ago, and has been gradually elaborated into its present form by a long series of experiments, each teaching its own especial lesson. The "decentralization" which he vaguely recommends has been already carried out, and a hundred difficulties, of which he has never dreamt, have been surmounted by patience and skill. "The costly central Department of Public Works," which he wants to sweep away, is an effective machine—too effective, as many people think—for criticizing and checking provincial expenditure. The village system, which he accuses the English Government of having destroyed, was almost extinct in Bengal before our arrival in the country, and has, wherever it was susceptible of revival, been fostered and developed by British rule into more active life. The payment of revenue in kind, which he considers as one of "the two sheet-anchors" from which the British Government has drifted, and recommends us to adopt, is a prolific source of oppression and degradation wherever it exists; its removal may be said to be the first step in all social progress, so that, instead of our imitating native States by adopting it, all the more enlightened native States have followed our example by adopting cash payments. The return to it would, by the universal consent of every Indian statesman, be the greatest calamity that could befall the country.

It is vain, however, to criticize any further a mere tissue of incorrect statement, hasty inference, and rash suggestion. Otherwise it might be worth while to point out that Mr. CAIRD entirely omits all reference to, and apparently is in ignorance of, the really great economic difficulty in India—the relation of landlord and tenant—a subject which for years past has occasioned anxiety, and which is now in more than one province receiving that patient and exact consideration which is the necessary condition of wise and reasonable reform. In like manner the withdrawal of the right of mortgage would be, practically, the cancelment of all the proprietary rights which a century of progress has brought into existence; so, too, the imposition of a special rate on valuable crops would reverse the policy which was deliberately adopted in 1837, and to which the extraordinary development of the country since that period is largely owing. We commend the letter of the Government of India to all those who wish really to know what account the responsible administrators of the country can give of their own and their predecessors' work, and what views and hopes of the future of India are entertained by men who speak with authority, because with ample knowledge and ripe experience. Of Mr. CAIRD nothing more need be said than that he has, at the expense of his own reputation for sagacity, afforded the Government an opportunity of contradicting a large number of erroneous assertions, and exposing a still larger number of absurd and impossible projects.

LORD SHERBROOKE ON IRELAND.

LORD SHERBROOKE'S latest contribution to the Irish controversy has not the value which it might have been expected to possess. The greater part of his short essay is devoted to a demonstration that Irish occupiers have no rights except those which they derive from contract. If they have made improvements without securing to themselves compensation for their outlay when they leave their farms, they have, according to Lord SHERBROOKE, only themselves to thank for their loss. He rightly objects to the claim of an equitable right, because in English technical phraseology equity is only a branch of law. It would be more convenient to speak of a moral claim to the enjoyment of any real improvement or of its value. The question has often been discussed, but it no longer possesses practical importance. It is not for any such right that the Land League contends on the platform, and that its accomplices commit murders and outrages. Lord SHERBROOKE was a party to the Land Act of 1870, which overrides nearly all his general propositions. The outgoing occupier has for ten years enjoyed the right to full compensation for his improvements, and if he is evicted he is also entitled to payment for disturbance. It is interesting to learn that Lord CLARENDON, who was intimately acquainted with the condition of Ireland, only assented with hesitation to the Land Bill which was proposed by his colleagues immediately before his death. Mr. LOWE was a more active supporter of the Bill, though he admitted that it established an exception to sound general principles. He made at least one speech in its favour in the House of Commons; and, if he is disappointed at the result of an anomalous experiment, it is strange that he should have forgotten the provisions and the main purpose of the Act. He now asserts that landlords and tenants are persons who have entered into contracts with each other, and that they are nothing more. In 1870 he must have satisfied himself that in Ireland they were something more or something different. Lord SHERBROOKE's general argument is sound, but it will altogether fail of its effect, because he has not recognized the special character of the existing difficulty. It would have been better if he had confined himself to the proposition that the enforcement of the law ought to take precedence of tentative redress of supposed grievances.

The same preference of general rules to practical necessities is exhibited in Lord SHERBROOKE's objection to exceptional legislation. He thinks that the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act and similar measures are the worst remedies which can be devised. It is perfectly true that Coercion Acts "involve the confession" that the law under which we live is not sufficient, if "patiently and firmly applied, to preserve the peace in Ireland." There seems to be no sufficient reason for refusing to confess what is notoriously true. The English law would probably not be sufficient to preserve the peace in Khurdistan or in Zululand; and it entirely fails to preserve the peace in Ireland. "It is the remark of BLACKSTONE that, whatever disorders have arisen in England, 'the common law of the land has sooner or later worn them out.' It is, or may be, the remark of any person who has attended to Irish affairs, that agrarian murder, outrage, and intimidation have sooner or later worn out the English common law. An inspector of police informs an Irish nobleman that the local assassins have resolved on his death, and the officer even knows the hired ruffian who has undertaken to execute the popular sentence; but the common law can only operate on evidence which in cases of this kind it is impossible to obtain. If the Habeas Corpus Act were suspended, the intended murderer and the principal conspirators might be locked up, and the life of an innocent victim would probably be saved. It would not be a heavy drawback to a course of common sense and ordinary justice that, according to Lord SHERBROOKE, 'the common law loses its weight and dignity when it becomes a *brutum fulmen* in 'times of crisis and emergency.' The evil is, that the thunderbolt is already innocuous, and not that its inefficiency is admitted.

There are perhaps few persons who differ from one another more widely in political opinion than Lord SHERBROOKE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN; but they agree in preferring reliance on the ordinary law to measures which would prevent and repress crime as well as punish it.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appears to doubt whether any offence has been committed; but he consoles himself with the reflection that, if the defendants in the Irish State prosecution are innocent, they will certainly be acquitted. Utterly disregarding Mr. FORSTER's repeated undertaking to apply to Parliament, if necessary, for exceptional powers, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN assures the Birmingham Radicals that the Government will in no contingency go beyond the ordinary law. To one of his partisans, who, as a former Chartist prisoner, objected to political prosecutions altogether, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN kindly explained that the proceedings of forty years ago were objectionable because the Government of the day applied undue pressure to the tribunals. The statement illustrates the falsehood of the Radical tradition which probably serves Mr. CHAMBERLAIN for history. Some of the Chartist prosecutions were instituted by Lord MELBOURNE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and the later cases occurred in the time of Sir ROBERT PEEL. Some or all of these Ministers must, if there were the slightest foundation for the calumny, have tampered with the integrity of Lord DENMAN, who was then Lord Chief Justice. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of course professes a hope that Ireland will be pacified by changes in land-tenure, as Mr. GLADSTONE, in his letter to Sir GEORGE BOWYER, insinuates that the agitation is caused or aggravated by the rejection of the Disturbance Bill. Even the present Ministry will not venture to concede the demands of the Land League. The Disturbance Bill was recommended to Parliament as an exceptional and temporary measure for the relief of a distress which has now entirely ceased. Mr. PARNELL lately contrasted the circumstances of Ireland in two successive years. In 1879, he said, there was a failure of crops and the people were starving. In 1880 there was a good harvest for them to hold for the use of themselves, their wives and children. The landlords were to have no rents last year because the tenants could not afford to pay them. This year the property of the occupiers is too valuable to be handed over to others.

Mr. PARNELL, who understands his own business, constantly assures his followers that the Government will never originate measures which the Irish tenants ought to accept; but he adds that Parliament will sanction the legislation which the Land League may have already established and enforced. One concession which he announces as certain is described as the resumption by the State of the titles which it has given to land-jobbers through the Landed Estates Court. It had been thought that a Parliamentary title was indefeasible, though the State is inaccurately said to have given titles because the law sanctioned a certain kind of sales. Mr. PARNELL himself has perhaps never before attacked so audaciously the fundamental right of property. If a purchaser under an Act of Parliament expressly designed and passed to facilitate sales is liable to a resumption of his title on the demand of a seditious mob, it is difficult to understand how any owner can be safe. The Land League is consistent with itself in claiming the right to prohibit future sales. The man HEALY is reported to have warned intending purchasers that they were not, under well-known penalties, to bid for a certain piece of land which was advertised for sale. The League had determined that it should become the property of the occupying tenants at a price which would, in the absence of competition, certainly not be excessive. Mr. GLADSTONE can scarcely think that the violent interference of the Land League with private transactions would have been prevented by the Disturbance Bill. The tyranny of the conspirators is not limited to questions connected with land. One REDPATH, an American who ought long since to have been arrested, in a speech principally consisting of atrocious attacks on the memory of Lord MOUNTMORRES, announced, perhaps truly, that "MOUNTMORRES was 'hurt' because he had spoken disrespectfully of the 'Fenians.'" He added that any one who spoke against the Fenians had better keep out of the West of Ireland. The so-called Radical Clubs in London lately passed an ironical resolution purporting to condemn agrarian outrages, whether they are committed by landlords or tenants. It would be interesting to learn whether they put Lord MOUNTMORRES and his brutal assailant on the same footing. The charge against the landlords of agrarian outrage is founded, like many other mischievous calumnies, on one of Mr. GLADSTONE's unscrupulous bursts of rhetoric. His random assertion that eviction was equivalent to a sentence

of death has been more often quoted as an incentive to violence, or as an apology for crime, than his equally reckless claim of a right to expropriate landlords, or his exposition of the advantages which resulted to Ireland from the Clerkenwell explosion.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE POPE.

THE French Government is going forth conquering and to conquer. Capuchins, Barnabites, and Marists fall before it at every step. To any one who looks at the conflict with the religious orders from the official point of view, the prospect must be exceedingly encouraging. These mighty communities, which threatened to overturn the Republic and reseal HENRY V. on the throne of his fathers, are toppling over in all directions. It needed only that the Republic should unveil its radiant countenance for its adversaries to become as weak as water. No resistance worth speaking of has been offered, because there was no one worth speaking of to offer it. Here and there doors have had to be broken open and barricades to be pulled down, but these obstacles have been evidences only of weakness. Behind them there has been nothing but a few old men or a group of angry women, with a handful or two of sympathizers in the street outside. The supposed strength of the religious orders has been proved to be a delusion. The Government has only had to show that it is in earnest in sending them about their business, and about their business they have gone.

So far as the facts are concerned this view of the case is perfectly accurate. If any persons imagined that the religious orders had that kind of hold upon the people which would make their expulsion either difficult or dangerous, they have undoubtedly been disappointed. It has been abundantly shown that no large section of Frenchmen cares about them in such a way as to provoke resistance now or reprisal hereafter. But it is this very revelation that makes the condemnation of the Government complete. The one thing that could have justified their policy would have been the discovery that it was one which needed all their strength and resolution to carry out. There is no question but that the religious orders, in common with the clergy generally, wished well to the monarchical reaction so long as they thought it possible that the monarchical reaction might come to something; and if communities not long since animated with this spirit had proved powerful enough to make their dissolution a process hardly distinguishable from civil war, it might have been argued that the Government was wise in not waiting to be again attacked. The religious orders would then have held a position somewhat resembling that which Prince BISMARCK has more than once attributed to France. They might have been simply waiting for their revenge, and, acting on Prince BISMARCK's supposed plan, the Republican Government might have thought it prudent to destroy them before they found an opportunity of obtaining it. As it is, the Republican Government has to justify itself in presence of a very different state of things. It has strained the law, and put Liberal principles behind its back, in order to dispose of an enemy who is plainly too feeble to be dangerous. In a time of profound political peace, with no danger in prospect, and no excuse for violence visible, it has chosen to break up one religious congregation after another, and to treat the simple act of association as though it was in itself a crime. A paramount necessity of self-defence is the only plea which could possibly be alleged in defence of such a policy as this, and where does any paramount necessity of self-defence present itself? Where is the danger against which it was so imperative on the Government to take precautions that they have felt themselves obliged to deal with an integral part of the ecclesiastical machinery of the country as Count MELLKOFF might deal with so many bands of Nihilists? Nothing that has happened in the process of executing the decrees has helped to answer these questions. There is no reason to suppose that the Republican Government will be in any way the stronger for what it has done. It has proved that it can win a magnificent victory over a feeble adversary; and that is all. When the sacrifices of principle and consistency which it has had to make in order to do this are taken into account, there is not much reason for congratulating it upon what has taken place.

The letter which the POPE has written to the Archbishop of PARIS puts the case of the religious orders against the

French Government with very great moderation. These communities have for many years been busy in alleviating or remedying all the miseries which befall humanity. "They have been at work in hospitals, in asylums, in ambulances, in time of peace and public security, and amid the horrors of war and the tumult of combat." Misfortune, of whatever kind, has always been a sufficient passport to the hospitality of one or another community. The POPE then gives an account of the events which led to M. DE FREYCINET's resignation. Just when he was on the point of protesting against the dissolution of the Jesuits, it was represented to him that there was a chance of staying the execution of the decrees against the remaining orders if their members declared in writing that they stood aloof from political agitations. The POPE saw no reason why this declaration should not be made. "The Catholic Church condemns no form of government." It holds that "the general good may prosper, whether the management of public affairs is entrusted to the power and justice of one man or several." In these matters the Holy See has but one object in view, "the safeguard of Christian interests." It does not impugn the rights of sovereignty "by whomsoever exercised." It is remarkable that, even in the midst of the distress and annoyance which the execution of the decrees must have caused the POPE, he does not lose the opportunity of giving the Legitimists a rap on the knuckles. It would have been easy to minimize the significance of the declaration now that it has failed of its purpose, and to represent it as a mere statement of the commonplace that the Church accepts *de facto* Governments when it is not strong enough to overturn them. But the POPE does not care to avail himself of this loophole. He stands by the contents of the declaration, though the particular purpose it was designed to answer has not been fulfilled. He declares it to be a principle of public law among Catholics that forms of government are things indifferent, that the exercise of the rights of sovereignty by a Republic may be just as valid as their exercise by a Monarchy, and that the rule of many may be as conducive to the general good as the rule of one. Those who have condemned the declaration because it contained these principles have been blind to the interests of religion and society, and have forgotten that submission and obedience which it is the duty of good Catholics to yield to their bishops in affairs relating to the Catholic religion. It will be a somewhat difficult matter for the Ultramontane Legitimists to shift the weight of this censure from their shoulders. LEO XIII. speaks as ST. PAUL might have spoken, and as the Republic, whatever may be its sins, can hardly be a worse ruler than NERO, it cannot be urged that the POPE has not paid sufficient attention to the difference between the state of things now and the state of things then.

Probably the utterances of Popes, even when they relate to French affairs, do not find very many readers in France. But, so far as this letter does penetrate, it will certainly not put the conduct of the Republican Government in any more favourable light. The doctrine that Clericalism is the enemy cannot be preached with much assurance when the POPE, even after all the provocations connected with the suppression of the religious orders, refuses to condemn Republican institutions. For the complete acceptance of M. GAMBETTA's formula, the one thing needful is that the POPE should be got to curse the Republic. Instead of this, LEO XIII. persists in giving it his blessing. For the present it will probably make very little difference whether he blesses or curses, but in the end reasonable Frenchmen can hardly fail to ask themselves whether it is worth while for the Republic to quarrel with the Church, when the Church, in the person of its head, cannot be induced to quarrel with the Republic.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

THE exact political importance of the municipal elections which are annually held on the 1st of November is a matter which it is not very easy to calculate offhand. In not a few cases the constituencies, municipal and Parliamentary, are not entirely identical, and in a great many cases politics only enter partially, or do not enter at all, into the conditions of the contest. Even in Parliamentary elections proper, a very great deal of non-political matter enters into these conditions; but in municipal elections

the proportion of such matter is necessarily greater still. Nevertheless it is generally true that the signs of the struggle the results of which are tabulated more or less carefully year by year in the newspapers on All Souls' Day, are of value for the determination and reading of the political barometer. Almost the only solid reason put forward after the general election by the supporters of the Government to prove that their success was not a surprise to them was the result of the municipal elections in the preceding November. Few persons who are at all intimately acquainted with any English borough or boroughs can deny that there was on that occasion something like a demonstration against the then existing Government, and that in many cases this demonstration was the forerunner of the still more decided demonstration of April. Scarcely any attempt has been made this year to discern in the elections of Monday an endorsement of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "mandate"; and although it is true that no decided leaning the other way is to be observed in the total result of the changes now made in the Town Councils, these changes are yet, on the whole, favourable to the idea of a slight disenchantment on the part of the supporters of the Ministry.

The signs of this disenchantment are to be found rather in the character of the respective successes than in their total volume. There seems to have been, on the whole, a predominance of Liberals in the Town Councils; nor, if the actual numbers on each side are counted, does it appear that this majority has been much, if at all, diminished. We should have been rather surprised if it had been. A considerable time is necessary before such a wave as that which swept the country in the spring spends all its force, and a considerable season of dead water must even then be expected before the tide begins sensibly to flow the other way. No particular shoe pinches the taxpayer at this moment; no failure of the Government, numerous as its failures have been, has been of that obvious and glaring kind which convinces even careless observers; and, even had such a failure taken place, there has not been time to drive the fact of it into the head of the average constituent. But, just as the prevailing feeling, as judged from speeches public and private, seems to be one of somewhat inarticulate dissatisfaction, so this feeling, as judged from these elections, seems to come to something very much the same. The supporters of the Government appear to have been weaker in defence, its opponents somewhat bolder in attack. The chief Liberal victories are now either in places where there was already a very large Liberal majority, or else in places where parties were so evenly balanced that success might incline one way or the other without being very decisive. The Conservative triumphs were mostly either recoveries of what had been lost last year, or extensions of previous successes, or incursions into ground formerly held entirely by the enemy. Of course there are exceptions to both these rules, but still the rule is the rule, and the exception the exception. In some cases, indeed, the advantages obtained by the Opposition candidates are remarkable. The Conservative success at Maidstone in the late Parliamentary election has been more than confirmed in the municipal contest, where every seat fought has fallen to a Tory. At the neighbouring town of Rochester, the first Conservative returned for five-and-twenty years was seated after a definitely political contest. At Southampton, where an unexpected Liberal victory last November was followed by a still more unexpected Liberal victory in April, the tables have been turned by the seating of seven Conservatives out of ten. We do not observe any parallel instances on the other side in looking through the lists. At the same time, even a very cursory inspection of these lists shows the danger of trusting too implicitly to their apparent political indications. Northampton, for instance, has long had the credit of being one of the most Radical towns in England; and, if the present Parliament were arranged in chromatic scale, a deeper red could hardly be required for any member of it than for the present representatives of the capital of shoemaking. Yet there is a Conservative majority—if only a majority of one—in the Town Council of Northampton. It is of course possible that Messrs. LABOUCHERE and BRADLAUGH may have already produced a revulsion in the minds of their constituents; but, though we cannot say that such a consummation would greatly grieve us, we do not by any means assume that it is the case. Very likely the limits of the municipal and Parliamentary boroughs differ, or else the elections to the

Town Council may have been conducted on non-political grounds. On the other hand, while it is sufficiently well known that Oxford is, bribery apart, a town very equally divided in matters political, the Town Council is and has long been in the hands of the Liberals. Such facts as these must act as cautions against a too hasty construing of the results of these elections. Yet, when every caution has been observed, we think it will be found that the balance of them has gone against the Government.

It is sometimes represented as a rather mischievous thing that politics should have anything to do with municipal elections. A person of pre-eminently practical mind might content himself with replying that, as it is unavoidable, or avoidable only on the by no means desirable condition of a total decline of the general interest in politics, the discussion of its mischievousness is idle. As a matter of fact, however, we do not think that in the majority of cases politics exercise a very prejudicial influence on municipal elections. No doubt when, as in one notorious case, not merely the electoral machinery of municipal contests, but every detail of municipal life, is mixed up with party politics, the result is bad enough. But in the great majority of cases nothing of this sort happens. The annual returns are full of the statement "that the election was not fought on political grounds," and in most boroughs attention to the interests of the town will outweigh, in almost all it will counterbalance, the mere nomination of party leaders. Hence the whole result is a decidedly healthy one, because political partisans are constrained to be something more than political partisans, and to attend to the business and the welfare of the town. The advantages which they gain by so doing are not small. In all but the very smallest and the very largest boroughs the surest, and not on the whole the most expensive, though perhaps the slowest, and certainly not the least troublesome, road to a seat in Parliament is through the Town Council. This fact has become recognized of late years, and it has in not a few cases had the very beneficial result of sending into the municipality persons of higher station than the small tradesmen who at one time threatened to monopolize the position. The Ballot, by the encouragement it has given to the worst forms of corruption, has indeed somewhat neutralized this good effect by encouraging wealthy carpet-baggers to descend on constituencies. But even so—if the money can fortunately be made equal—the local man retains a portion of his advantages, and the ingenious voter, bribed on both sides, is most likely to vote finally for the candidate he knows. Besides, by keeping up a definite political allegiance, the system of infusing a certain amount of attention to Imperial politics into municipal contests tends to prevent what is perhaps the greatest of modern political dangers. This is the aimless swaying backwards and forwards of the majority, according to no principle or even to any clearly understood idea, but under the impression that "the other fellows may as well have a turn," that "if they are going to win we may as well be on the winning side," or some other equally precious reasoning. So long, therefore, as the American abuse (at present almost confined in England to Birmingham and a very few other towns) of making the patronage of the corporation the exclusive spoil of party is not introduced, there is little to be said against municipal politics. Nor, as has already been hinted, would it be of much use to say it even if there were much more to say. The political element is there, and it is extremely unlikely that it will be dislodged, though other elements may, and should, keep their places alongside of it. For these latter allowance must always be made; but the municipal elections will certainly hold, and perhaps strengthen, their position as political indicators, if only because of the prerogative influence (in the technical sense of the adjective) which they exercise. A success in them is undoubtedly a great encouragement to the party that wins it, and in some towns, where politics run high and the limits of the boroughs are identical, is decisive. The most important contest of last Monday was that at Liverpool, where every ward was fought and the recent Conservative successes were endorsed in the most emphatic manner. Mr. WHITLEY, indeed, is one of the most signal instances (with the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE on the other side) of the road which lies open through local politics to higher things. On the whole, the municipal elections this year, if they have not given an unmistakably certain sound, have justified their claim to attention by indicating what we believe to be the actual attitude of the

majority of the nation towards the Government. This attitude may be defined as one of somewhat irresolute disapprobation, capable perhaps of being soothed by some remarkable success, but pretty certain to be changed into one of decided hostility by any decisive failure, or even by the continuance of the existing situation.

CONSOLS AT PAR.

THE rise of Consols to par shows plainly what kind of results experts look to the Savings Banks Act to produce. It has often been objected to proposals to make investment in Government Stock easier that they imply a desire on the part of the holders of small savings which has no existence in fact. The Post Office, it has been said, already renders every service which such persons care for. It takes their money, pays them interest, and is always ready to return them their principal when asked. What more is wanted by the man who puts by a few pounds now and again? To offer him Consols would be to offer him an investment, whereas what he wants is a money-box—something that will keep the coin from burning in his pocket, or being filched from the old stocking, and return to him the next rainy day a little more than what he put it in. As the Savings Bank Act has not yet come into operation, it is too soon to say positively that this theory is unfounded. All that can as yet be laid down is that those who suppose themselves to be best informed on the question hold it to be unfounded. Buyers have gone into the Consols market in numbers sufficient to send the Stock up to par, because it is believed that the effect of the Act will be to increase the demand for Consols, and consequently to increase their price. Other causes might have had the same effect in a more gradual manner, but it is this particular anticipation that has had the effect at the present moment. Consols have been bought now because they are expected to be scarcer by and by, and they are expected to be scarcer by and by because the Savings Bank Act will considerably increase the number of buyers. There is to our minds little doubt that this expectation will be justified. As we have more than once pointed out, the State has hitherto discouraged thrift among the poor by calling its results by another name than that which they bear among the well-to-do. When the rich man has found his income in excess of his expenditure he has been able to invest the difference. When the poor man has made the same discovery he has only been able to put it by. It is true the results of the two processes have been identical. In either case the money has been deposited with the Government, and the Government has paid interest for the loan of it. But the sentiment of the two processes has been quite distinct. The trail of the Savings Bank has been over the one, while it has not been over the other. To many energetic young men among the working-classes the Savings Bank is not likely to prove attractive. It is to thrift what goody-goody books are to literature, and they are about as likely to carry their savings there on a Saturday night as they are to take out *Little Henry and his Bear* from the parish library for their Sunday reading. There is an air of paternal government about the whole business which they heartily dislike, and to have to invest your savings by a process you heartily dislike is not an encouragement to make those savings larger. Investment in Consols is another matter altogether. It is what the ROTHSCHILDS themselves are not ashamed of doing, and to be a holder of Consols will prove, we believe, an object of ambition to a very different class from that which has hitherto been eager to have money in the Savings Bank.

The only fear is that the provisions of the present Act may be found to fall so far short of what is required to make investment in Consols popular, that the effect which would have been produced by a larger measure will not be produced even approximately. In the first place, the smallest sum that can be invested is 10*l.*, and it will take a working-man some time to get 10*l.* together. He can, of course, take it in small sums to the Savings Bank, and transfer it into Consols when it has reached the right amount. But then, as we look at the Act, its principal merit is that it provides a mode of investing savings which is altogether distinct from the Savings Bank. If the road to Consols lies through the Savings Bank, this severance will not have been effected,

and the advantages to be looked for from it may consequently not be realized. What is wanted is the power of investing a sum which is not more than a well-to-do workman may put by in the course of a few weeks, and for this purpose the present limit is at least as large again as it ought to be. The restrictions as to the amount that may be invested in a year and that may be held by any one investor, are not open to this particular objection; but they seem to be needless restrictions, and as such they are more or less vexatious. Why, for example, should a man who has put by 250*l.*, and has 100*l.* left him, be forbidden to invest the whole of his legacy in the same way as he has invested his savings; or why, if he has invested 50*l.* by October, should he be compelled to wait till after the New Year before he can add the whole of his legacy to the stock he already possesses? These, it may be said, are exceptional cases; but, if they are exceptional, it seems hardly worth while to legislate against them when, by so doing, we set up an unnecessary difference between the purchase of Consols by a working-man and by anybody else. If, on the other hand, they are cases which are likely to occur often, that fact seems to show that the Savings Bank Act will not meet the needs which it was designed to meet. The removal of all limits upon the amount of Stock that may be bought in one year or held by one investor, is not open to the objection which was justly urged against a similar removal in the case of sums held by Post Office Savings Banks. The Post Office Savings Bank is an institution which holds out special advantages to the poor, and there are very good reasons why these advantages should not be extended unduly. It is a public advantage that the poor should learn to save money, and the State for its own interest sets up Post Office Savings Banks for the purpose of teaching them to save money. If it goes beyond this end, and aims at making saving easier for the middle classes, it enters upon a field which is already well filled, and simply sets up as one trader among many. In dealing with Consols the State is simply dealing with its own debt—the one article which modern States have to sell—and there is no reason why it should not deal with it in whatever way is best calculated to meet the wishes of its customers. If a customer has already bought 300*l.* of Consols, and is still anxious to go on buying them by 10*l.* or 5*l.* at a time, why should the State refuse any longer to sell them to him? It need know nothing of his position in life; it simply knows him as a customer, to whom it is convenient to make his purchases in a particular way. Why should it allow him to make them in this way up to a certain point, and then refuse to deal with him any longer?

We have dwelt rather upon the immediate occasion of the rise of Consols to par than upon the causes which have combined to bring them to a point at which a mere expectation of coming purchasers was sufficient to send them to par. The truth is that, in the absence of a great war in which England is directly engaged, Consols will continually tend to keep up to their present high level. As the country grows richer, there are less and less of them in the market. On the one hand, as the public debt is paid off, there is a smaller quantity of the Stock in existence. On the other, the amount of money which either has to be, or is preferably, invested in Consols, is constantly becoming larger. Where the quantity of an article is diminishing and the demand for it increasing, only one result can follow. The present rise, therefore, does not really supply material for any very novel speculations on the condition of England. It coincides with a generally high level of securities, but it does not seem to be very intimately connected with it. To a great number of people the rise in other securities will be of more importance than the rise in Consols. The present state of the Stock Markets bears very heavily on all who have to live on their investments and have not much to invest. The column in the *Investor's Manual* which gives the actual yield of Stocks at their present prices is probably scanned with melancholy interest by many needy widows and many kindly trustees. There is so little wherewith to buy Stock, and, so long as Stocks fetch what they do, there is so little income to be got from them when bought. The only consolation that can be given to investors of this kind is that the price of a security represents in some degree the estimate which experts have formed of its future prospects. If you have to pay dearly for it, it is probably because it is calculated that it will be paying a larger dividend next

year than it pays this. At all events, they who buy high-priced Stocks for the most part keep what they buy; and in the time of speculation which, according to appearances, is not far distant, this is a most important consideration to bear in mind. Consols at par are, after all, a better investment than shares in an Indian gold mine, which, if they can be bought on good terms to-day, may not be saleable on any terms twelve months hence.

FAIRIES.

IT seems almost impious to bring the fairies under the microscope of mythological science. These beings, kindly or malicious, hideous or beautiful, have never endured to be closely examined. The Scotch fairies were fabled to be mere shells, fair if viewed from the front, but hollow and horrible if seen with a reverted eye. Their gold turned to withered leaves if handled too greedily, and Mélusine, with the jealousy of a true fairy, would not suffer her lovers to behold her charms unveiled. Yet Science, unwarned by the fate of the fabled Count of Lusignan, insists on examining even the fairies, and on discovering, if possible, the origin of the widespread belief in these half-human spectres. Perhaps there is not anything very definite to be discovered. The fairies are only the forms in which human caprice gives itself an outward shape; fairyland, with its enchanted palaces and faithful lovers, is but the home of dreams and unsatisfied desires. An inquiry into the origin of the belief in fairies will prove little except the truism that human nature is everywhere the same, and everywhere is apt to clothe its wistful visions of a life more free and lovely and powerful than its own in the shapes of fanciful beings born, like Circe's bower-maidens, "of the wells, and of the woods, and of the holy rivers, which fleet forward into the salt sea."

We shall return to the topic of our English fairy-lore, and try to show what a quaint compound it is of divers mythologies; but it may be well first to consider a theory of fairies lately propounded by an ingenious writer in the *St. James's Gazette*. According to this essayist, the fairies "are really historical beings or races, viewed through a later superstitious medium. . . . The peculiarity of the fairies is that they are small, though very spiteful. Now it is certain that, before the Aryan invasion of Europe, the whole continent was inhabited by an aboriginal people, short of stature and dark in complexion, who built many of the existing megalithic monuments. . . . These people were identical in blood and tongue with the modern Basques; and they used weapons of polished stone alone." To shorten this explanation, it is averred that the Celts conquered or assimilated the Euskarian aborigines, but kept up, in popular tales, the memory of the little people whom they supplanted, and who have descended to our own time as fairies. The fairies that haunt old barrows of the dead are the ghosts of the departed Euskarians. It is the Euskarian fairies that make magic weapons, and stone arrow-heads, or "elf-shots." Originally hostile, the euphemisms which call them "good neighbours," "men of peace," and so on, have led to the belief that they are often kindly. Their modern names, *fée*, *fay*, *fada*, *fada*, and the rest, are derived from the Latin *fata*. The writer ends by saying that mythologists of Mr. Max Müller's school would miss the import of the fairies' small stature, underground life, personal characteristics, and connexion with stone implements, if they tried to explain the whole legend by aid of the Latin word *Fatum*.

All this sounds excellently scientific, and yet at each sentence one is fain to stop the theorist with the cry "*Distinguo*." First, we are not well informed as to what happened before the Aryan invasion of Europe. But, for argument's sake, we will grant that all the account of the small dark Euskarian foes of the Aryans is true. But what follows? Are fairies all small, dark, and hostile? And here we must distinguish among fairies. In Scott's excellent essay on the subject, prefixed to the ballad of "Tamara" in the *Border Minstrelsy*, he begins by examining the fable of the Northern dwarfs who dwell in the hollows of the hills, and are greatly skilled in metallurgy. The dwarfs forged the famous sword Tyrfing, which was never drawn without slaying a man, and which dealt the three dolorous strokes. Now the writer in the *St. James's Gazette* has to make a singular leap to connect the Euskarians, skilled only in polishing flints, with fairy beings of more than mortal craft in metallurgy. Scott himself puts forward an historical explanation. He thinks the dwarf smiths may have been a distorted memory of the Finns, a race well skilled in mining and in the working of minerals. But we imagine that the Finns, like the Lapps, have themselves the tradition of a happy, blameless, and skilful subterranean people. Whether these were Euskarians or not, it is certainly bold to connect a Neolithic people with a fabled race whose specialty is skill in forging weapons of bronze or steel. The Euskarian theory is more fortunate in the matter of the flint arrowheads. These are indeed called fairy arrows; but Scott observes that bronze celts are called fairy axes. Now the Euskarians *ex hypothesi* had no bronze; so it seems probable that the country people use "fairy" as *x* is used in algebra—to stand for any unknown quantity in knowledge. But the Euskarian theory grows still more dubious and risky when we look at the etymology of the words *fada* (Provençal), *fada* (patois of Berry), *fée*, and so on. Why should the Celtic inhabitants of

Gaul use the Roman word *fata*, answering to the Greek *Μοῖραι*, or Fates, as a name for their own dark, skilful, subterranean elves? Here the argument divides into two currents; first, what were the *Fata*, and *Μοῖραι*; secondly, are the *Fades* and *Fées*, who correspond to our fairies, derived philologically from *Fata*?

Here we come to a very curious point. The *Fata*, or *Μοῖραι*, had one attribute in common with our fairies. They came to the birth of children, and gave them the gifts of destiny; they span, too, like the fairies in nursery tales. They span the web of good and evil fortune. The *Μοῖραι* have these duties in Homer; but long ere Homer's time the same functions were performed by the Hathors of Egyptian folk-lore. Here, then, we have female shapes in three old mythologies, which answer to our spinning fairies of the fateful birthday gifts; but they have nothing in common with the metal-forging, neolithic, spiteful, subterranean, Euskarian fairies. Then why, as we asked before, should the Celtic Gauls have borrowed the word *fata* to designate their gnomes? Again, are the words *fada*, *fada*, *fée* derived from *fata* at all? Are the fays not direct descendants, spiritual and philological, of the old Roman *Fatue*? The French *fées*, like a section of the Scotch fairies, are beautiful women of the woods and waters, not squat and dark-haired, like the Euskarians, but fair, and with yellow locks, like the New Zealand sea fairies, or with green tresses, like the Russian *Rusalkas*; beautiful always, like the Serbian *Vila*. "The hill was her mother, the dew her mother's milk, the wild wind rocked her cradle." The love of these fays is sometimes baneful to men, as in the Breton legend of the *Sieur Nan*. Strangely enough, the New Caledonians, who know not Euskarians, have the same fairy-lore. A credible witness assured us that a Kaneka prophesied that his own death would follow, as it did, a few days after he had been the lover of one of the fairy women of the island. Now these women being the creatures who, in European fable, have the first right to the name of *Fades* and fays, it is plain that they have no apparent connexion with short, black, hostile Euskarians. Have they any more connexion with the word *fata*? We confess that the derivative from *fatue* seems to us much more plausible. In Facciolati's Lexicon, *fatua* is rendered "eadem quæ bona dea." *Bona dea* has much analogy to "the good folk," "the good neighbours" of Scottish fairy lore. Lactantius has much to say about the prophetic *fatue*, but Mr. Coote's essay on "The Neo Latin Fay," in the second volume of the *Folk Lore Record*, contains information enough for most inquirers. We seem then to have reached these results:—*fata* need only have a remote and unessential connexion with the fays; there is no connexion at all between *fata* and metallurgic gnomes, Euskarian or Finnish; lastly, the genuine fays and fairies answer to what we know of the *fatue*.

It does not need much fairy lore to see how commonly the fays are women, in all respects unlike the short dark women of a hostile race. Our fairies answer to the Nereids of modern Greek superstition—airy shapes that dance on the hills, and allure young maidens to join their company. Again, our fairies are curiously connected with the ancient classical myths of Hades. They have a kingdom underground, like Hades; they are ruled by a queen, like the subjects of the dread Lady Persephone. The middle ages half consciously recognized this; thus Chaucer speaks of "Pluto that is king of fayrie," and of "Proserpine and all her faery." In the old romance of Orfeo (Orpheus) the classical hero seeks his lost Eurydice, not in Hades, but in fairyland. Fairies and beings of the fairy order are essentially a popular superstition. Nothing prevents us from supposing that, before there was a Greek literature, the Greek peasants had their stories of the under-world of Faery, which stories poets later combined with other materials into the full-grown myths of Hades. However this may be, the Scotch Kirk, when Jane Weir was tried for witchcraft, recognized that "the Fairy Queen" was but another name for the lord of the under-world, the Devil.

The result of this hasty inquiry is to prove, we think, or at least to suggest, that fairy mythology is a tissue of many threads of fancy. Fragments of history, half forgotten, may be woven into tales of skilled dwarfs, dwellers in mysterious mines. A superstition less readily accounted for supplies imagination with nymphs and Nereids, *fatue* and *fées*, lovers of mortal men as were Mélusine, Calypso, and the Queen of Faery who led the Rhymer into her own country, riding through rivers of slain men's blood. Yet another, but kindred, superstition supplies the *Fata* and *Μοῖραι*, the fairy godmothers, with the mystic birthday gifts, and the woven web of fortune. Once more we have the most graceful creations of man's fancy, the soulless ladies of the sea and the river, the mountains and the wells. Over the whole mass of tangled imaginations, the genius of Shakespeare, of Fletcher, of Herrick, of Homer, and Virgil has brooded, and produced *Titania* and *Oberon*, the *Pixies*, *Calypso*, and all the choir of *Thetis* and *Cymodoce*. Apart, again, from these are the wilder shapes of the woodland, *lamie* who steal children, and the dreadful women of the night who wash the bodies of the dead by the moonlit shores of the rivers of France. These beings start from imaginative beginnings as rude and remote as the ancestral Zulu spirits which people African thickets, and are at last formed by popular and poetic fancy into the characters of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

BESANÇON.

BESANÇON lies at present, but will not lie much longer, out of the ordinary path of the English tourist. When the new railway is completed across the department of the Doubs, from Besançon to Le Locle in Switzerland, the natural and most direct route from Paris to Neuchâtel will pass through the town. But although this circumstance is likely to give a final movement to the prosperity of Besançon, it is not needed to make the town the most flourishing on the eastern frontier of France. Commercial and political changes have combined within the last fifteen years to bring about this state of things. Since the cession of Alsace, Besançon has taken very much the position of Mulhouse as an outpost, and amasses the trade of the frontier under the immediate protection of Belfort. And, while these external advantages enlarge the wealth of the town, it possesses an internal industry which increases every year in importance. The foundation of the famous watch-making trade of Besançon is historically curious. The agitations of the Revolution, headed by Bassal and Bernard de Saintes, practically destroyed the prosperity of Besançon as it had existed under the *ancien régime*, but the same agitations, and indeed the same agitator, founded on the ruins of the old a much more important new industry; for it was Bassal himself who, in 1793, introduced into the town a colony of watchmakers from La Chaux-de-Fonds and Le Locle, exiled for their sympathy with the French Republic. Slowly the newcomers settled down and persuaded the townsfolk to adopt their trade; but it has only been since 1860 that the watchmakers of Besançon have been able to compete successfully with Switzerland. In 1861 the municipality granted the Town Granary, a handsome building dating from the earlier part of last century, to form an Ecole d'Horlogerie, and the French market in watches is now almost entirely supplied by Besançon. The old and somewhat sombre city has the character which the general adoption of a single employment somehow gives to a town—a peculiar air of uniformity and precision, which is rather difficult to define, but very easy to feel, and which is certainly appropriate in a place entirely given over to watch-making.

From the earliest times there must have been some camp or village on the site of Besançon. It is one of those points to which men crowd instinctively, led by the extraordinary geographical advantages of the position. Leaving the frontier of Switzerland, the Doubs, a broad, and at some places even majestic, river, flows south-west through the parallel folds of the northern outskirts of the Jura. In reaching Besançon, it is confronted by a rock that towers with precipitous sides above its waters. To avoid this obstacle, it turns suddenly to the north, but is pressed back again directly by the line of hills on the other bank, and, returning to the foot of the rock, pursues its south-westerly course. But, in taking this *détour*, it has formed a small horse-shoe, a peninsula the narrow isthmus of which is entirely filled up by the precipitous rock, now the citadel. Such a position was not likely to be long disregarded, even by savages. Cæsar, in the *Commentaries*, is eloquent over the advantages of Vesontio, which had long been the capital of the nation of Sequania. It was not, however, till the reign of Nero that Rome became practically aware of the strength of the site. Vesontio clearly proclaimed herself in favour of Galba, closed her gates against Verginius Rufus, and gained the lively recognition of the new Emperor. Marcus Aurelius, perceiving the growing opulence of the town, made it a Roman colony, under the title of Colonia Victrix Sequanorum, and under his protection Vesontio began to make that display of architectural splendour the ruins of which still adorn her squares and her museums. Christianity was soon after this introduced into the town by two missionaries from Lyons—St. Féreol and St. Ferjeux—who were cruelly executed by the Roman prefect in the theatre of Vesontio, on June 16, 212, and who thereupon became and have remained the patron saints of the city. Of the early history which may be said to have closed with this sensational incident, many curious relics remain in the modern Besançon. The ruins of this very theatre, preserved in the public gardens, oddly but appropriately styled Square Archéologique, consist of certain elegant columns and fragments of columns, the drums of which are singularly small for those of an antique building. These were discovered lying where they now stand, and in all probability mark with exactitude the façade of the theatre where St. Féreol and St. Ferjeux were tormented and beheaded.

The Middle Ages have left but little mark of their passage upon Besançon. The Christian architecture of the town is mean, and offers no striking peculiarity. The Cathedral is a tasteless basilica of the eighteenth century, heavily decorated with marble and gilding, and taking the place of an ancient Gothic church destroyed by Vauban in 1674 to make room for his fortifications. It contains a superb picture, a Fra Bartolommeo, of which the pedigree is above suspicion. This fine work, a Madonna supported by St. Sebastian and St. Stephen, was a commission given to the great master by Ferry Carondelet, and an entry exists in the town records to the effect that the city received it from Italy in the spring of 1518. As Fra Bartolommeo died in 1516, this is probably one of the latest of his works, one even which he did not live to forward to its destination. Little, however, of interest as is presented by the Cathedral, the other churches of the town are even more insignificant examples of poor eighteenth-century work, or, still worse, of nineteenth-century eccentricity; while, from the heights to the north, a visible eyesore from all quarters of the compass, shines the hideous church of St. Claude, an experiment in modern

Gothic which tends to make the English visitor resigned to much that he has left behind him at home. The military monuments of Besançon are far more interesting than the ecclesiastical. No position could be conceived more delightful to the fancy of an artist in fortification, and the greatest of all such artists had an opportunity of displaying his skill here to the utmost. In 1674, when Louis XIV. had stormed the town after a siege of twenty-seven days, it was determined that Besançon should be transformed into a fortress of the first order. Vauban, then at the height of his reputation, was invited to undertake the works; and he planned them with special enthusiasm, although they were not fully carried out until 1711. The marvellous feeling for nature which this unrivalled architect possessed is nowhere more plainly shown than at Besançon. His lines of fortification start from the facets of the cliff, and stand out against the sky with the appearance of veritable rock, so exactly has Vauban adapted and exaggerated the natural curves of the mountain. Since 1870 it has been difficult, almost impossible, to penetrate into the citadel; and the visitor is thus prevented from obtaining what must certainly be the finest view of the town, which must lie like a map at the feet of the rock girdled by the broad waters of the Doubs.

Even though this privilege be denied, it is very easy, by the exercise of a little pains, to obtain such views of Besançon as serve to prove it one of the most romantic cities in France. For the purposes of modern warfare the citadel is by no means sufficient protection to the town, and very strong forts have been constructed on the still higher hills north and south, Fort Chandane and Fort Brigilli. To the outskirts of these fortifications the visitor may climb without indiscretion, and look down, not on the town merely, but even on the citadel itself. The character of the valley is almost Scotch. Under a cloudy sky it would be easy to persuade oneself that a broad glen of Perthshire lay at one's feet, though the Tay would but poorly typify the grandeur of the Doubs. The rivers of France rarely do justice to their own volume and magnitude. The tributaries of the Seine, for instance, wind without dignity under their endless avenues of poplar-trees through a uniformly flat and inexpressive country. The Doubs is considered the finest French river, and it owes its reputation to the fact that, with undiminished volume, it flows through scenery which is almost mountainous in the grandeur of its forms. Close to Besançon there are two ruined medieval castles, Montfaucon and Montierand, the size and beetling height of which would have been celebrated by a hundred bards had they chanced to tower above the Rhine. But the fact is that Frenchmen themselves have scarcely waked up to the beauty and romance of the scenery of Franche-Comté.

Besançon is justly proud of the large number of distinguished men to whom it has given birth. Victor Hugo was born—as he himself says, by accident—in a little house that now looks on to the capitals and arches of the Square Archéologique. His parents were hastening northward from the Court of Madrid, when the poet just contrived to secure his Gallic birthright by being born in these very unassuming lodgings. He has many times promised to visit his natal city in state, but hitherto one accident or another has always prevented him. Two other active regenerators of an effete civilization first saw the light at Besançon; for here Fourier was born in 1772, and Proudhon in 1809. The milder and much more charming genius of Charles Nodier was awakened here in 1780, and the reader of his delightful reminiscences will retrace with pleasure and amusement many of his early ramblings. Various other celebrities are duly chronicled in the excellent guide which has just been published (*Besançon et ses environs*. Par Anguste Castan. Besançon: Marion, 1880) by the chief of the Town Library, a guide which leaves nothing to be desired either in fulness of detail or elegance of form. The name of M. Castan reminds us that the Public Library is one of the chief attractions of the town. In 1694 an abbé of Besançon left in his will to the town a very valuable collection of books, pictures, antiquities, and coins which he had principally obtained from the family of the great Cardinal de Granville, the Viceroy of Naples, and Minister of Spain. After the lapse of a century there remained enough of the matchless collections of this famous connoisseur to make the gift of the abbé extremely valuable. The library was opened to the public on the 7th of July, 1696, has constantly been enriched, and now consists of 130,000 volumes. Among the gems of the collection are a dozen books from the library of King Mathias Corvinus, the fate of whose literary treasures is one of the most famous romances of bibliography. The visitor is shown, with natural pride, the architectural studies of Pierre Adrien Paris, the architect of Louis XVI., and director of the French Academy in Rome. Paris was a younger contemporary of Piranesi, and these designs remind the student of those of the greater artist. The collection attracted much admiration during the lifetime of the architect, and he was offered 30,000 francs for its possession. The Bisontins, however, as the inhabitants of Besançon call themselves, have great pride in their native town, and the patriotic M. Paris declined this gilded bait to present his beloved collection to the Public Library of the city. This act of *vertueuse abnégation* is duly commemorated by a grateful municipality, and has done more to make Pierre Adrien Paris known to posterity than all his careful drawings. It is much to be wished that in England we had a little more of that desire to beautify and enrich our provincial towns which makes many of the departmental capitals of France so interesting.

THE HEIGHT OF DIVERSION.

WE suppose that the statement that London and Paris are the chief centres of civilization is as little of a contentious statement as any that could be framed on the subject. M. Victor Hugo would no doubt be indignant at the elevation of London; severe persons of English or German nationality may think that too great a compliment is paid to Paris. But, on the admirable principle by which the merit of Themistocles was ascertained, the assertion may be almost certain of proving itself. The intelligent Japanese might stickle for Tokio, and the intelligent Borderer for Peebles, but still London and Paris are pretty sure to be placed in everybody's list. Therefore it is interesting to those who take a fond pleasure in contemplating the progress of the species to investigate the ways and manners of these two capitals, and especially their amusements. On Sunday and Monday last an excellent opportunity for this investigation presented itself. On Sunday Paris had a glorious time—which expression is not a Yankee vulgarism, as the vulgar think, but occurs in the writings of no less a person than John Dryden. A Montgolfier balloon was advertised to ascend from some place of public amusement, with Miss Lena Lisa or one of her sisters suspended from a trapeze attached thereto. Hasty readers are requested not to think that they can at once perceive the exquisite pastime promised by this advertisement. To hang from a trapeze underneath a balloon of ordinary construction is a sufficiently perilous proceeding, and when the suspended person is of the weaker sex the delicacy of the sensation is obviously much increased. But with the original or Montgolfier form of balloon, where the lifting power is simply the effect produced on ordinary air by fire underneath an open bag, the danger is of course much increased, because these balloons are liable to many more accidents than the more perfect closed apparatus filled with coal gas and regulated at pleasure by valves. But at the last moment it seems that Miss Lisa Lena, or Mlle. Albertine, either had a prior engagement, or for some other reason failed to put in an appearance. So a young athlete named Navarre volunteered to go up for the sum of two pounds sterling—an advance upon the tariff of twopence mentioned in a proverbial expression not otherwise inapplicable to the case. Further, M. Navarre, having the honour of his profession at heart like all good Frenchmen, refused to be tied on. The result hardly needs to be told. At a great height the wretched man's head or his muscles failed him, and he fell, burying himself deep in the earth, according to some accounts, while others describe the circumstances of his death with additions of even more fantastic horror. The balloon, not to be outdone, proceeded to burst (which Montgolfier balloons have rather a habit of doing) and fell on the spectators, "greatly frightening them." But they must have felt that the rare good fortune they had just experienced was cheaply purchased at the price of being bonneted by the strips and fragments of a burst balloon.

While this was going on at Paris preparations were being made in London for a spectacle not very dissimilar in kind, but varied in circumstances. It is not as yet considered proper in Sabbatarian England to amuse oneself with the spectacle of the mercenary death or torture of human beings on Sunday. We wait till Monday. On Monday last, at the usual place, the Agricultural Hall, began one of the now common exhibitions patronized by a few people who ought to know better, attended by thousands who evidently do not know better, and miscalled trials of endurance. The eminent Rowell, champion long-distance pedestrian of the world (or some part of the world, for the distinctions of athletic championships are subtle), had been challenged by the aspiring Pegram; and several other distinguished and doubtless consistent walkers had joined the contest, for the usual six days' struggle, "go as you please." As soon as the idle conventional restraints of the first day of the week were over, the men were started "with a few words of caution," which also are usual on these occasions, and which irresistibly remind the reader of a certain historic prayer about the shedding of blood. The beginnings of these contests are comparatively tame; indeed they might be mistaken for the sort of race in which uncivilised persons, vacant of the glorious gains of the latter days, still take a considerable interest. The men are fresh, in good training, and sound in wind and limb. It is gratifying, however, to know that on the present occasion the patrons of the sport had an unusually short time to wait for their favourite and expected pleasures. The record of these pleasures is not wholly agreeable to read, for the new long-distance contest differs from the old P.R. not in being any the less brutal, but in being entirely destitute of the rich *argot* which adorned the annals of the older institution. At one o'clock on Monday afternoon "the proceedings were enlivened" by the arrival of a band, but still more by the fact that Pegram, a man of colour, "seemed far from well," and had frequently to leave the track. This is what the amateur long-distance contests can, as De Quincey would have said, recommend to a friend. To see an apparently hale and vigorous person career round a ring is monotonous; but to see a wearied and beaten wretch flinch as he puts down his bleeding feet on the ground, or stagger round the track with the half-drunken gait of one on whom the desire to sleep has come in an overpowering burst—this is truly delightful. Indeed one of the historians of the present contest has hinted that from the beginning there were peculiarly interesting features about it. Most of the competitors were very young men, and "it remains to be seen whether such very young men will be able to forego sleep

with the same facility as their older opponents." There were other promising symptoms. It seems that Mr. Dobler, one of the American champions, is of so game a disposition that, according to his trainer, "if he had only one leg left he would go on." The idea of such a sight may well make the connoisseur in long-distance competitions lick his lips, though perhaps his anticipation is short-sighted. For clearly the man who has two feet in a disabled condition must feel twice as much pain himself, and therefore give twice as much pleasure to the spectators, when he puts them to the ground, as the man who has but one. Donato—does any one now remember Donato?—after the first novelty wore off, would not be a satisfactory competitor at a walking-match. However, we are omitting our history. Suffice it to say that the celebrated Blower Brown and Pegram, the coloured challenger, broke down on the very first day. This is not quite as it should be; for the object is not that a man should break down completely the first day, but that he should hobble on for four or five. Still the break-downs, when one remembers what that phrase means in the present instance, were in themselves doubtless an agreeable excitement. Besides, Littlewood, another competitor, "kept on steadily, though he suffers considerably from his feet, which are rather raw." This is the real thing for the spectators at the Agricultural Hall. For ourselves we are quite content with it, and shall not investigate the particulars of the contest any further.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the utter condemnation which we pass upon these disgraceful and idiotic exhibitions has no sort of connexion with any dislike of athletics or of pedestrianism in particular. The man who has never enjoyed the pleasure of resting at night after his own legs have carried him thirty, forty, or fifty miles from the place where he rested the night before, has missed, it may be, one of the lesser, but certainly not one of the least, pleasures of life. But it has been over and over again pointed out that these brutal proceedings have absolutely nothing to do with honest, downright walking under natural conditions. Their attraction, denied or disguised as it may be, is simply the attraction which certain vulgar natures feel in the sight of the suffering of others. We do not hesitate to pronounce them more and not less degrading than prize-fighting, which had at least a very definite reference to the practical affairs of life, and the disuse of which, though it has no doubt stopped a great source of blackguardism and rascality, has perhaps exercised in some respects an unfavourable influence on the behaviour and disposition of Englishmen. It was useful to know how to use your fists on occasion, and the use of them was not the worst way of settling quarrels. It is not useful, and cannot be useful under any conceivable circumstances, to be able to trot or stumble so many hundred miles in a given time on a prepared path, with elaborately prepared stimulants, restoratives, and appliances of all kind ready at hand. All this is as obvious and as trite as the performances themselves are discreditable, but while the facts are repeated it is necessary to repeat the comment. There is not a pin to choose between the spectators who crowded to see Navarre go to a death which, if not absolutely certain, was at any rate highly probable, and the spectators who crowded to see Littlewood going very slowly, because he suffers considerably from his feet, which are raw. We do not advocate legislative interference in these matters (except in the sense of sharp enforcement of the law of manslaughter in cases of what are facetiously called accidents), because such interference would be nearly impossible, and, if possible, not particularly wholesome. We do not suppose that any remonstrances would have the least effect upon Arry and his like; but we really do think that Arry's betters might find some worthier employment than the provision of these disgusting spectacles for their inferiors. Without such provision it is exceedingly doubtful whether they could go on. Fortunately the expenses of keeping a huge building open night and day for a week are very considerable, and now that London in the small hours is rather a dreary place, even the most devoted amateurs hardly care to sit up all night. The gate-money is therefore a decidedly variable quantity, and has, we believe, on some occasions barely sufficed to cover expenses. Another point against the pastime is that its choicest moments cannot be anticipated, and must be long waited for. The accessories or assistants, whichever word be preferred, at M. Navarre's suicide, had their pleasure hot and strong, and all in a burst. Unless an ingenious system of telegrams, giving such news as "Smith's left foot quite raw, hurry up to Islington," or, "Robinson has strained a sinew, he is moaning as he walks," could be arranged and posted all over London from time to time, these exquisite delights must necessarily be lost or wearily expected. Hence a good deal of encouragement *ab extra* is needed to keep the amusement in vogue. Unluckily that encouragement seems to have been hitherto forthcoming without any difficulty. It would be really interesting to get a well-skilled casuist—say Mr. Capes or the Prime Minister—to estimate the relative moral position of the persons who give this encouragement, and of the sportive bargee who was found guilty at Bristol the other day of promoting a contest of endurance by turning on the water into a lock in which two boys were trying to rescue a third from drowning. For it must be remembered that these long-distance contests have actually resulted in loss of life, both in this country and, we believe, in America, and that it is more or less an accident that they do not do so oftener. The bargee in question might justly have argued that if the two boys had had more endurance, and had held on tighter, the third would not have been drowned. Indeed, lock proprietors might perhaps, in these unprofitable days for canals, turn their attention to a new source of revenue.

MALTA.

MOST complaints are more or less reasonable if they are looked at from the complainant's point of view, and the address which certain inhabitants of Malta have lately presented to Lord Kimberley is no exception to this rule. The address is itself an amplification of a petition previously presented to the House of Commons, in which Parliament is asked to amend the Maltese Constitution in two important particulars. The people of the island, if this petition fairly represents their wishes, want to be governed by a civilian, not by a soldier, and to be secured against the alteration of laws affecting local interests, the imposition or alteration of taxes, and the expenditure of public revenue, "otherwise than by the vote of the majority of the people's representatives in Council assembled." The petitioners then descend to particulars, and ask that a certain vote for draining the fortified towns of Malta, which was passed by "the majority of the official members against the unanimous opposition of the elected members," may be revoked. The address to Lord Kimberley contends that the social and economical questions which have lately come before the Maltese Government are not suited to the application of military methods. They can only be wisely settled by a Governor who has had the training of a statesman. What can a soldier know about Sanitary and Building Acts, about the provision of dwellings for the labouring classes, about water supply and drainage works? Even if he takes them in hand without any bias one way or the other, he is at least as likely to go wrong as to go right, and he is far less likely than a civilian to be free from bias. It cannot be denied that this representation is in itself perfectly reasonable. No dependency likes being governed by a soldier, and, with rare exceptions, no dependency is so well governed by a soldier as it is by a civilian.

Much the same thing may be said with regard to the second request. The address pleads that, when the British Government granted the inhabitants of Malta a representative element in the Government Council, it could not have been intended that this representative element should be entirely subordinate to the official element. The object of representation is that the people represented should be able to get their own way; and if their representatives are liable to be outvoted by members who represent no one but the Government which appoints them, they might just as well not have seats in the Council. If there is any question on which the people of Malta may fairly claim to be consulted, it is the drainage of their towns; but even on this point the *ex officio* members of the Council have been too strong for them. The Government had one theory of how a town ought to be drained, the elected members of Council had another; and the Government insisted that its own plan should be adopted in preference to any other. It is not unfair, perhaps, to assume that Malta is not more anxious than other communities to spend money on sanitary improvements, and it is probably quite as alive as other communities to the imprudence of putting forward this distaste in its naked simplicity. No one nowadays is old-fashioned enough to say, "I dislike paying for the drainage of the town I live in." A surer and more efficacious way of escaping the burden is to object successively to all the schemes proposed, on the ground that the perfect plan has not yet been discovered, and that it is foolish to waste money on mere stopgaps. When, therefore, the authors of the address maintain that what they desire is a "consistent, practicable, and efficient system of drainage," and that what they object to is the system of drainage which the Government, after giving full consideration to the subject, have decided to be the best, we know pretty well what this passion for the ideal is worth. At the same time, it must be admitted that the people of Malta have a *prima facie* case against the Government. Why, supposing them to be unanimously opposed to modern conceptions of drainage, should they have these conceptions forced upon them? We do not pass sanitary reforms in England by the vote of the Treasury Bench. Why should we adopt in the case of a dependency a plan which we should not tolerate in our own persons?

The answer is clear and conclusive, though unfortunately it is scarcely one which the people of Malta can be expected to appreciate. Malta does not stand in the position of an ordinary dependency. It has to be governed, not merely for its own good, or in accordance with its own views, but for the good and in accordance with the views of the empire of which it forms a part. Generally speaking, Great Britain can afford to consult the views of her dependencies; indeed in not a few instances she has been able to give them more self-government than they can use to their own advantage. But Malta does not enjoy this happy insignificance. The island is so important from a military point of view that it has to be regarded from that point of view only. It is unfortunate that the Maltese, who, according to the petitioners, originally "placed themselves under the protection of the British Government" because they thought it better suited than any other to satisfy their "legitimate wants and aspirations," should find that their right of administering their own affairs is still but imperfectly recognized. But this is a disadvantage which they share with the inhabitants of Gibraltar and Portsmouth, and any other fragments of British territory which have a military importance altogether out of proportion to their civil importance. It is conceivable that Gibraltar might prefer not to be troubled with a garrison, or that Portsmouth may think the condition of an unfortified town happier than that of a town which is surrounded by ramparts and earthworks. The reply to all such complaints is that a house-door might as well plead to

have its surface undisfigured by locks and bolts. If there were no such things as burglars this innocent preference might be consulted; and when peace has become universal and perpetual, the people of Malta may be allowed to administer their own affairs in their own way. Until this millennial period dawns upon Europe, successive Colonial Secretaries will be compelled to say, with Lord Kimberley, that "the peculiar position of Malta as a great Imperial fortress and naval station will always render it necessary that the ultimate decision, whether local or Imperial views are to prevail, should rest with her Majesty's Government," and that for the same reason, it is expedient, in the future as in the past, to place "the supreme control of the administration in the same hands as the military command." When Malta is of no more value to the Empire than any other island of the same size, its inhabitants may be left to determine whether their towns shall be drained or undrained. The Imperial Government will then have no interest in making them more healthy than they desire to be. But, while we maintain garrisons in Maltese towns and ships in Maltese harbours, the health of the troops and the sailors must be cared for by the Imperial Government, and it can only be cared for by compelling the people of Malta to look after their own health. We may admire the yearning after sanitary independence if we choose, but from admiring it to gratifying it is a longer step than any reasonable Minister is ever likely to take.

LAURENCE TOMSON'S NEW TESTAMENT.

IN a recent article headed "The Breeches Bible" we gave some account of the remarkable three leaves of Questions and Answers on the doctrine of Predestination which were inserted between the Old and the New Testament in the edition of the Geneva Bible which was issued in quarto in 1579, and which, we stated, were reprinted in all the quartos of this version down to the year 1615 inclusive. As the chief purpose of that article was to illustrate the truth, which is now becoming more and more clear, that the English Reformation was all along conducted entirely on Zwinglian and Calvinistic principles, and had scarcely any connexion with Lutheranism proper, and that Laud destroyed Calvinism, which had become rampant in the Church of England, we omitted all notice of a much larger number of editions of a work which is known to bibliographers as the "Genevan Tomson," which must also have been suppressed by Laud's influence, as the last edition of it appeared in 1616. It was also foreign to our purpose to notice particularly the editions of the Geneva Bible which preceded that in which this Catechism was first inserted; but perhaps it may be worth while to add here that, as Archbishop Laud suppressed this Bible, so one of his predecessors in the see of Canterbury, Matthew Parker, seems to have discountenanced it, for no edition was printed in England during his primacy. Grindal succeeded him in 1576, and the successive issues of this Bible immediately began, the first London folio being dated 1576, and there being successive editions of this size every year till his death in 1583—if, at least, what Cotton states is true, that there were folios of 1580 and 1581, which seems, however, doubtful. It seems as if Grindal had encouraged the use of this Bible in churches as against the use of Parker's, or the Bishops' Bible, which was first published in 1568, and which, though frequently reprinted during Parker's primacy, was only once published in this size during the time that Grindal occupied the see of Canterbury, whilst after Grindal's death no folio Genevans were printed for nine years.

We now propose in this and a following article to supplement what we have said by giving some account of the Tomson editions of the Geneva Bible with a New Testament, revised and annotated; and we do so the rather because, in an historical point of view, this book has been almost entirely overlooked, and even bibliographers have omitted to notice some very curious points as regards the different editions of it. Before proceeding further we may correct an error in our previous article concerning the neglect to notice the Questions on the part of historians and bibliographers. It has been pointed out to us that Cotton mentions them in his "List of Editions of the Bible in English," and we have since seen that even Lewis, in his "Complete History of the Translations of the Bible," says that they appear in the Geneva folio of 1583. In this he is quite correct, and it is the only folio in which they are printed. There are a few octavo editions, and notably one of 1591, printed at Cambridge, in none of which they appear. Least any one should be misled by an error of the press in our previous article, it may be as well to say that the date of the first edition of the Geneva Bible is 1560, not 1568 as there printed, and that when we spoke of the Bishops' Bible as having been re-issued in 1588, and perhaps later, it would have been more accurate to say that there are four editions of a later date, the last being of 1606, and that a New Testament of this version was published as late as 1619.

As we shall have occasion to mention the distinguishing marks of Tomson's editions further on, we must first say a few words more on the pure Genevans. As there are at least thirty-five editions of this version in 4to, independently of those in other sizes, we cannot profess to speak with certainty, but we believe there is no material variation in them. Speaking under correction, then, we may say that they are in black letter, with the headings of the chapters in italics, and also a few words in Roman

type at the left and right hand side at the top of every page, calling attention to what appeared most noteworthy in the page, according to the profession made in the address to the reader which, in the original edition of April 10, 1560, is addressed "To our beloved in the Lord the brethren of England, Scotland, Ireland, &c. Grace, mercie, and peace through Jesus Christ." In the course of that address its authors say that, to help the reader, "we have set over the head of every page some notable word or sentence which may greatly further aswell for memorie as for the chief point of the page." It is scarcely possible to avoid noticing here how the Puritanical views come out at every corner of the book. Amongst these headings of the pages will be found in every one of these Bibles, at the chapter which records the death of St. John Baptist, the title, "The inconvenience of dauncing," as if the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before Herod had been the principal point of the whole narrative. Probably it was thought that, as the parallel passage in St. Matthew had been headed "John Baptist beheaded," it might be well to call attention to another aspect of the story which should vindicate the strict régime under which Geneva was placed by Calvin's severe discipline. The rest of the headings are fair enough, and show no particular animus, unless the frequent notice of idols and images may be thought somewhat of an exception, and the special calling attention to doctrine in the two headings in the Acts, "Ordained to salvation" and "Predestination."

The marginal notes, of which we gave a specimen in our previous article, and which are not very numerous, are also in Roman type, as likewise are the arguments prefixed to the several books, there being what is called "an argument" prefixed to the Apocrypha expressing pretty much the same view that appears in the 6th of the Thirty-nine Articles as adopted for the first time in 1562, the Forty-two Articles of Edward's reign being silent on this subject. The translators' disparagement of the Apocrypha is further indicated by the almost entire absence of annotations, there being one notable exception—namely, on 2 Macc. xii. 40-45—where, by way of protesting against prayers for the dead, the note asserts that

From this verse to the end of the chapter the Greek text is corrupt, so that no good sense, much less certain doctrine, can be gathered thereby. Also it is evident that this place was not written by the Holy Ghost, both because it dissenteth from the rest of the Holy Scriptures, and also the author of this book, acknowledging his own infirmity, desireth pardon if he have not attained to that he should. . . . And though Judas had so done, yet this particular example is not sufficient to establish a doctrine no more than Zipporah's was to prove that women might minister the Sacraments.

It was certainly unfortunate that the translators should have invented such a monstrous fiction to defend their opinions. Any scholar who will turn to the Greek will see that it is perfectly good and intelligible, and free from any corruption of the text. But, to continue our account of these editions as distinguished from the Tomsons. First, we observe that in all of them the Apocrypha appears sometimes with the paging or foliation going straight through from the beginning—e.g. the editions of 1594 and 1606; sometimes, as in the edition of 1579, where the Questions first appear, beginning with a new foliation and a new signature at the foot of the page, and followed by the New Testament with a title and three other leaves, containing the "Summe of the whole Scripture" and the "Certaine questions and answers," there being printed on the back of the fourth leaf the names of all the books, including the Apocryphal, the New Testament beginning with a new foliation. We have seen a copy with these four leaves wanting; but that they were torn out, probably by some one who disliked Calvinism, is evident from a reference to the foliation, which omits folio 435-440. The later editions have in some instances a kind of concordance and index added, compiled by one Robert F. Herrey in 1578, and which may occasionally be found bound up with copies. In other respects some of the editions seem to resemble each other very closely, so that a leaf from one might be substituted for the corresponding leaf in another without the change being easily detected. This is the case especially in one of the four editions issued in 1594 and that of 1606.

And now we proceed with our account of the Tomsons. And first as regards the editor, Laurence Tomson is little known except from the account given of him in his Latin epitaph in Chertsey Church, where he was buried. He is there said to have been Professor of Hebrew at Geneva, and to have been on intimate terms with Walsingham, whose secretary he was till Walsingham's death in 1590. Amongst other things that he published were a translation of some of Calvin's sermons and a version of the New Testament with Annotations, which Antony Wood speaks of as being printed in 8vo. in 1589, and several times republished. Dr. Bliss has very properly added in his edition of Wood the dates 1576 and 1577, but quotes in his note to the passage some curious mistakes made by Kennet and Baker, apparently without knowing that they are mistakes. This is not much to be wondered at perhaps, for even Cotton, writing a few years later, seems to be in profound ignorance of the editions of this book. And it does not appear as if any writer had taken much trouble in collating the text of this edition with that of the Genevan version, or again in comparing the different issues of this work one with another. Cotton has given a few verses of two different passages in parallel columns to show how little variation there is between the Old Genevan version and the revised one in this edition—and it happens that in these instances there is only one variation in each passage—but, if he had carried his researches further, he would have found certain places where the changes are much more numerous. Thus in the Third Chapter of St. John's First Epistle there will be found at

least ten variations. Dr. Westcott has called attention to the frequent alteration of *the* into *this* or *that*, and rightly attributes this to the influence of Beza's version, which frequently, though not uniformly, renders the Greek article *o* by the Latin pronoun *ille*. The effect is, as he observes, almost grotesque, but he has somewhat overstated the case when he says that Tomson has been consistent in this. He does not always even follow Beza, who is himself far from doing this consistently. A good specimen of what is meant may be found in the first verse of St. John's Gospel, which is rendered in the Vulgate "In principio erat Verbum et Verbum erat apud Deum et Deus erat Verbum," but by Beza, "In principio erat Sermo ille et Sermo ille erat apud Deum eratque ille Sermo Deus," and by Tomson, "In the beginning was that Word, and that Word was with God, and that Word was God."

But we are somewhat anticipating matters. The first edition of this book appeared in 1576, and its original title was "The New Testament of our Lord Jesus Christ, translated Out Of Greeke by Theod. Beza: Whereunto are adjoined brief Summaries of doctrine upon the Evangelistes and Actes of the Apostles, together with the methode of the Epistles of the Apostles, by the said Theod. Beza: And also short expositions on the phrases and hard places taken out of the large annotations of the foresaid Authour and Joach. Camerarius by P. Loseler Villerius. Englished by L. Tomson. Imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, dwelling in Pauls Churchyeard, at the signe of the Tigre's head, 1576. *Cum privilegio.*" It is dedicated to Walsingham and Hastings, and contains a translation of Beza's Latin dedication to "Lewys of Bourbon, Prince of Condé," &c. The notes, which are partly in Roman, partly in italic type, are much more numerous than those in the Genevan New Testament, and are entirely different from them. Those which are in Roman character are for the most part translated from Beza's marginal annotations, though they have been in some few instances designedly altered from Beza's—those in italics being for the most part the author's own or selected by him. This distinction in type has, we believe, been preserved in every edition of this New Testament, which was issued separately. The notes are very numerous, and towards the end of the volume occupy more than half the page, and are printed in type which is so small as to be somewhat difficult to read. This edition was reprinted in 1577, with no other difference than the addition of a table at the end, which was continued in all subsequent editions. The book speedily became very popular, and was reprinted in various sizes of 8vo. till 1616, after which it no longer appears. There are also two issues of it in 4to. of 1583 and 1596 in black letter, all the rest being in Roman character. The editions of 1602, 1610, and 1616 have a variation which we shall notice when we come to speak of the same alteration being introduced into the Genevan Bible with this Testament annexed. But there are several editions of the text without the notes, in a very diminutive form, which have for the most part escaped the notice of bibliographers, but which we have seen in Mr. Francis Fry's magnificent collection of Bibles. These are chiefly imperfect; and, as they want both title and colophon, it is impossible to assign the year of their publication. A reference to almost any chapter is sufficient to identify them as Tomsons and not Genevans. Five of those without notes are without date, and average in size about three inches by two. But there are also three issues of this version without notes, of about the same size, dated 1578, 1592, and 1593.

One other characteristic of these Testaments is their omitting the arguments which were prefixed to the different books in the Genevan Bibles, there being only one—namely, that to the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is abridged from that in the Genevan, omitting the apology for not calling it St. Paul's Epistle on the ground that it "is not like" to be his. Here Dr. Eadie, in his work entitled the *English Bible*, has made the ridiculous mistake of accusing the writer of saying "that if it be Paul's, it is not like," quite altering the meaning, which was that, on external grounds, the Epistle is not likely to be St. Paul's, no opinion whatever being given as to internal evidence, or the likeness or unlikeness to the style of St. Paul.

It will have been seen that the description of this version on its title-page is very misleading. For, though considerably influenced by Beza's version, it was in no sense translated from Beza, any more than was the Genevan, which it closely follows, though this also was much influenced by Beza's version. Another peculiarity is the Prefix to the Revelation, which has very few marginal notes, but has the following apology for their omission, also translated from Beza:—

I have not thought good to put forth any such thing as yet upon the Revelation as I have upon the former bookes, notwithstanding I liked wel to set down in the mean season that I wrote a few years since concerning the authoritie of this booke. And this is it.

And here follow six pages answering objections against, and giving reasons in favour of, its authenticity. Of the general character of the notes we shall have something to say in a future article, which will be devoted to the editions of the Genevan Old Testament with the Tomson version of the New Testament annexed to it, which run over the period from 1576 to 1616, after which they were no longer printed in England, though there are some editions of later date printed at Amsterdam.

THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.

THIS excellent Society has certainly no undue desire for publicity, and is in no hurry to tell the world of its proceedings. Its fourteenth annual Report, which has just appeared, is principally filled with an account of the papers read and the discussion that took place at the general meeting which was held on June 23, 1879—that is, sixteen months ago. The information thus tardily afforded has, however, lost none of its value through the lapse of time, and merits attention as relating to a peculiar and interesting branch of inquiry. In one respect it leaves unfortunately a painful impression. Scepticism penetrates everywhere in these doubting days, and it seems to have found its way into the bosoms of those confident and greatly believing men, the modern professors of the art of flying. Such, at least, is the inference to be drawn from the speech of Mr. Glaisher, who officiated as chairman at the meeting just mentioned. This gentleman is, as we need hardly say, one to whom all lovers of the air must look up with profound respect. In a heroic effort to go up higher in a balloon than any one had ever gone before, he very nearly succeeded in putting an end to his life. Greater proof of devotion no man could give, and it must be not a little depressing to those who hold that gravitation is much overrated, and yearn for wings, to find that such an enthusiast takes a mournful view of the future of flying. Mournful Mr. Glaisher's view certainly is; for at the beginning of his remarks he sadly observed, "We have always hoped that at our next meeting we should have something startling to speak about," very clearly implying that the Will-o'-the-Wisp was as far off as ever; and at the conclusion he said:—"Mr. Brearey [the Honorary Secretary of the Society] speaks more sanguinely than I can; but if a man is not sanguine he will never get on in this world, and I hope, in the paper he has prepared, he will have some information to give us in support of his views." Obviously Mr. Glaisher does not think that there is much chance of mankind being fitted with wings for some little time to come; and if such distrust is shown by the gentleman who is elected to preside over the Aeronautical Society, it is to be feared that the outside public, always sceptical about flying, will become more incredulous than ever. Happily, however, there is Mr. Brearey to rebuke unbelief, and there are other members of the Society who are far indeed from despairing, and take a very different view from that of their worthy but despondent chairman.

This was made evident in the discussion and papers which followed his melancholy preamble. The first speaker was Mr. Moy, who holds perhaps the highest rank amongst those who are striving to enable man to fly through the air. On this occasion, after informing his hearers that an experimental apparatus had been constructed which was very efficient, Mr. Moy proceeded to deliver a learned, but not over-intelligible discourse, in the course of which he gave some explanation of the action of the screw propeller. It is not a little remarkable that the action of the screw propeller is perpetually being explained afresh by learned theorists, and yet that those who fit propellers to vessels are constantly obliged to rely on simple experiment. However, Mr. Moy's hearers were doubtless much impressed by his knowledge of this subject, and by a disquisition on "aéroplanes" with which he favoured them; and it is painful to think that enthusiastic expectation must have been somewhat disappointed when the result of all this science was announced. Bringing to bear his acquaintance with shifting centres of pressure and other difficult matters, Mr. Moy constructed a small model fitted with what seems at first sight the unnecessary appendage of wheels. This, after running awhile on a smooth surface, was to rise. It was tried, and rise it did; but Mr. Moy was obliged to admit that it only "just lifted off the pavement." This certainly seems a terribly small result for so much scientific investigation; but after finishing his paper Mr. Moy seemed able for a moment to animate the drooping hopes of his audience as he announced that his model made stronger had "flown"—how far or how high he did not say. Possibly the majority of the Society were well content to accept Mr. Moy's statement without petty details; but the Chairman, whose scepticism was apparently increased rather than diminished by the reasoning he had listened to, asked some questions which appeared to indicate a doubt on his part as to whether the machine had ever risen. In this we think he unnecessarily outraged the feelings of the aeronauts round him. There is no reason for supposing that small models might not be made to rise in the air, as the problem at which Mr. Moy has been working was solved some time ago. Many of our readers may have seen an ingenious little toy which about three years since was for sale in many London shops. It somewhat resembled a gigantic dragon-fly, and, on being wound up and let loose, rose in the air and sustained itself for some time. In Mr. Moy's model, which is made on the same principle, the motive power is obtained from "indiarubber springs winding 500 turns." No doubt he can make a toy which will rise higher and remain in the air much longer than the other; but hopeful indeed must those enthusiasts be who think that out of twisted indiarubber they will get persistent strength enough to carry them about over the heads of their fellow-men. Even amongst the members of the Aeronautical Society there were some who were apparently struck by the fact that, when the models did rise in a becoming manner, there would still be a slight difficulty to be got over; for in the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Moy's and other papers one member said,

"Are you trying to get mechanical flight by screwing round indiarubber or simply by generating steam?" and another said roughly, but forcibly, "What are you driving at? I understand about making models, and I say there must be a distinction drawn between the tension of indiarubber and the obtaining of power by mechanical means through the aid of steam." These questions have a pertinent look, but they do not seem greatly to have disturbed the meeting, and there appears to have been a general impression either that indiarubber would do, or else that, if a thing could be done on a very small scale with twisted indiarubber, it could be done on a large scale with steam, which we take to be one of the most perfect and beautiful assumptions ever made.

After the conclusion of Mr. Moy's paper a short paper was read by Mr. Phillips, the well-known inventor of the Fire Annihilator. Some members of the Aeronautical Society are apparently under the impression that the Fire Annihilator is to aid in attaining flight. On what this peculiar view rests we must confess ourselves unable to state; but happily it is unnecessary to consider the question, as, in a characteristic manner, the Chairman disposed of the subject. After considerably informing Mr. Phillips that an experiment which he saw at the Exhibition of 1851 showed that the Fire Annihilator had great power, but that, when it was shown at Covent Garden Theatre, where it was to put a fire out, it nearly set the building on fire, he said, "But although it possesses great power I do not see how that power, moving in this fashion, reaches the problem we have to solve." A doubt may be felt as to the necessity for his amiable allusion to the Covent Garden incident; but the justice of his general conclusion may, we think, be fairly assumed to be indisputable. To some extent in keeping with the tone of his straightforward remark was the paper read by Mr. Brearey, the hopeful Honorary Secretary who was spoken of at the beginning of the proceedings. This gentleman, in addition to the merit of being sanguine, has that of being candid, for he was as downright with regard to his friend and fellow-labourer Mr. Moy, as the Chairman was with regard to Mr. Phillips. Mr. Moy's model, he said, did not rise when tried in his presence, and he did not seem to think that there was much chance of its ever behaving better. He further mentioned that a full-sized flying-machine contrived by Mr. Linfield absolutely refused to lift its ingenious inventor from the ground. These statements must have damped the spirits, already perhaps somewhat depressed, of the Aeronautical Society; and we fear that they cannot have found much to cheer them when Mr. Brearey went on to point out the more pleasant aspects of the case. After discoursing somewhat vaguely about flight and wave-like action, he spoke of a flying machine with all the requisite qualities but one, which would be "at the command of a man with a power on which he could depend." We trust we are not guilty of rudeness if we say that here the Honorary Secretary of the Aeronautical Society slightly reminds us of Mrs. Micawber. Speaking of her visit with her husband to the Medway, that lady observed, "My opinion of the coal trade on that river is that it may require talent; but that it certainly requires capital. Talent Mr. Micawber has; capital Mr. Micawber has not." Wings Mr. Brearey has; motive power he has not—that is all that is wanted at present. When this trifling hitch is got over man will be numbered among the flying creatures, but for the moment things are at a standstill. It is only fair to Mr. Brearey to say that in one respect he surpassed Mr. Moy, as he produced a model which would fly. He feared a full experiment on account of the danger to the pictures on the walls of the room—the obvious precaution of controlling his flying-machine by a cord not apparently occurring to him—but he finally sent off a model which he had brought there to show some ladies, and it flew "nearly across the room." This no doubt was satisfactory, but, as we have already observed, a toy was some time ago invented which would sustain itself in the air, and we do not gather that Mr. Brearey has done more than improve on this toy. Pleased as the ladies may have been to see the model fly, we cannot but imagine that there must have been a certain amount of disappointment amongst the members at nothing more being achieved. Probably not a few of them may have hoped, to use the Chairman's words, for "something startling," and may have had the fond expectation of seeing Mr. Brearey—duly tied by the leg, to prevent his injuring the pictures—rivaling the alleged feat of the famous Mr. Home and floating gently over the heads of his admirers.

No such delightful exhibition was afforded them, and it does not seem likely that the results which are so ardently desired will be achieved for some little time to come; but, with the exception of the Chairman, the leading spirits of the Aeronautical Society seem hopeful; and most sincerely do we trust that their long-continued hopefulness is well founded. Greatly is it to be desired that they may be successful in their arduous quest. Things look rather gloomy at present, it is true; but perhaps that little difficulty about the motive power will be got over, and the conflicting claims of aéroplanes and wings be settled. Possibly even in our time a winged Secretary will silence scoffers for ever, and prove the power of man to fly by rising in sight of an assembled multitude from the Crystal Palace, Primrose Hill, the Westminster Aquarium, or some such other appropriate place.

GROWTH OF WEALTH IN FRANCE.

WE have had of late years such striking proofs of the wealth of France that we are apt to disregard fresh evidence afforded from time to time of her ability to bear with comparative impunity a strain which would produce formidable consequences in most other countries. Yet, whether we look at the matter from a political or an economic point of view, it is very important that we should measure aright the strength and weakness of a nation so intimately connected with ourselves. It is little more than nine years since the close of the disastrous war which inflicted such terrible suffering upon France, and of the Communist insurrection which augmented so enormously her losses, and laid her capital in ashes. Then she had to redeem the territory left to her by the payment of an indemnity intended to crush her; and, as the result of all this, she had to make an addition to her taxation which would have oppressed the energies of any other Continental State. A few years of fleeting prosperity followed, and it almost seemed as if the very traces of her disasters had disappeared. But new visitations awaited her. The bad seasons which have tried all the rest of Western Europe have resulted in France likewise in a series of deficient harvests—the last, as with ourselves, having been probably the worst of the century. France, as is well known, is a country of peasant proprietors, who, it might be thought, would be ill able to bear a series of bad harvests; but, severe as a trial as that was, it was not the only one they had to go through. One of the ideas of the First Napoleon in his war to the knife against this country was to encourage the cultivation of beetroot in France, so as to make her independent of West Indian sugar. The idea has borne such good fruit that our own sugar-refiners complain of being ruined by the French; and beetroot has become one of the principal crops of many important French districts. Last year this great crop also suffered from the incessant rain and cold. The silk crop, again, was a total failure. And—a still more serious matter—so was that of wine. The importance of the wine industry in France must be known to all our readers. Vineyards cover a larger area than wheat does in the United Kingdom, and in one shape or another the produce is estimated to give employment to seven millions of people. This vast industry has for years been smitten by an apparently incurable disease, which, in spite of all efforts to stop it, has constantly been extending its ravages, and has destroyed the vines of whole departments. Last year the injury done by disease was aggravated by an almost total failure of the grapes to ripen even in the vineyards that had escaped the *phylloxera*. And where there was seeming ripeness, the juice was found to be too sour to make wine fit for the market. Under this accumulation of misfortunes almost any agricultural population, however large might be the resources in capital and skill of the individuals composing it, might be expected to suffer distress. How much more, then, six millions of peasant proprietors? But, as a matter of fact, we have heard comparatively little of distress in France. Not only has there been nothing of the suffering witnessed in Ireland, but there has not even been any extensive inability to meet engagements, such as in England has compelled landlords to grant reductions of rent.

Is it really true, then, that there have been the failures of which we have spoken? Or are they gross exaggerations circulated for some dishonest purpose? The best way to answer this question is to examine how the foreign trade of France has been affected. Statistics of the crops might be open to doubt for one reason or another, but the returns of the Custom-house are beyond suspicion of bad faith or inaccuracy. Besides, mere statistics of crops tell little to a foreign public without much explanation. It is obvious, however, to the simplest understanding that a great and sudden increase of the imports of food must be due either to partial failure of the home supply or to a foreign competition which the home producer cannot withstand. And either interpretation means heavy loss to the peasant proprietor. On consulting the French foreign trade statistics, we find that from 1873, when the disturbance caused by the war and the Commune may be supposed to have passed away, to 1875 inclusive, the exports exceeded the imports by from 8 to 13½ millions sterling annually. In 1876, however, there was a reversal of the balance of trade, the imports in that year exceeding the exports by 16½ millions sterling. The excess of imports over exports has continued ever since. In 1878 it amounted to 43,646,680*l.*; last year it rose to 54,845,200*l.*; and in the first nine months of the current year it actually reached 51,177,520*l.* We do not belong to the economical school which views with apprehension an increase of imports. On the contrary, we fully recognize that such increase is proof of augmented purchasing power. We do not cite these figures, therefore, as evidence that France is in a desperate case. Our purpose rather is to show what has been the effect of the series of bad harvests upon her foreign trade, and how immense must be her accumulated wealth, and how widely diffused must competence be among her people, since she has met all the demands upon her without visible effort. There has not been a bread riot in any town, there has been no agitation on the part of any class for a reduction of their burdens, nor any difficulty in collecting the taxes. On the contrary, each year ends with a handsome surplus, and each session of the Chambers witnesses a remission of taxation. But we have not yet shown in what way the excess of exports over imports in the period 1873-5 has been changed into such an enormous excess of imports over exports in the years that have followed. We find, then, that in the first nine months of 1876 the

food imports, including cereals, wines, and animal food, amounted to 26,842,000*l.*; in the corresponding period of 1877 to 29,112,000*l.*; in that of 1878 to 39,629,000*l.*; in 1879 to 52,452,000*l.*; and in 1880 to 60,039,000*l.* It will be seen how continuous has been the increase, and how much more rapid it has been in the two latest years. It was in 1876 that the balance of trade turned, and here we have the explanation. The harvest of 1874 was a splendid one, and the total imports of corn and flour in the following year were under four millions sterling. But since then there has not been a really good harvest, and the imports have in consequence gone on growing. Even if we take 1876, which followed a moderate harvest, as the basis of our comparisons, we see that in the first nine months alone of the following years there has been an aggregate increase in the purchases of food abroad of 83,844,000*l.* In other words, bad agricultural seasons since New Year's Day 1877 have cost France about half the amount of the indemnity to Germany. Of this vast amount corn stands by far the largest sum. Wine does not appear as a heavy item till the current year. In the nine months ending with September last the wine imports amounted to 8,837,640*l.*, against 3,060,840*l.* in the corresponding period of last year; and only 1,661,440*l.* in the first nine months of 1878.

There is little to be added by way of comment to the force of these figures. They are sufficiently eloquent in themselves. They prove, for one thing, that, whatever may be the cause of the stationariness of population in France, it is not poverty. The people have the means of maintaining large families, if they had the inclination. Further, they prove that social order in France rests on firmer foundations now than it ever did before. Material progress, the accumulation of wealth, the development of industry, the distribution of comfort have gone so far that the population is impatient of disorder, which depreciates property and impairs the value of thrift. In former times such seasons as have visited France of late, inflicting such heavy losses on the majority of the population, would have resulted in popular tumult and revolution. Now they have not caused so much as a ruffle on the surface of society. Even the irritations of the "*Ministère de Combat*" did not provoke disturbance. There is one other lesson taught by the figures, which is that, when France next engages in war, she will be found a formidable adversary even by the most powerful coalition. The greatness of her prosperity, and the command she now has of her own destinies, will prevent her from rushing into hostilities with a light heart; but, if she is once worked up to the fighting point, her vast army will be supported by wealth and credit equalled only in England and the United States. Even though she has lost Alsace and Lorraine, she now bears her enormous taxation as lightly as she bore the much smaller taxation of 1869. And, if driven to it, she could afford to spend a couple of hundred millions annually over and above her present expenditure for years together without being exhausted. We may be reminded that the large imports of which we have been speaking have caused a serious drain of gold, which has reduced the cash held by the Bank of France to less than 23 millions sterling. But what of that? The Bank of France thought so little of the drain that for months together it took no serious measures to stop it. When at last it did act, it only raised its rate of discount to 3½ per cent., and yet, apparently, it has stopped the drain. That cannot have been a very serious malady which required only such gentle treatment. Far too much has been made of this drain. It may be admitted that the French monetary system is faulty, that the Directors of the Bank of France have acted with political pusillanimity, and that the drain will probably recur at an early date. But this does not affect our argument. Rich nations, like rich individuals, can afford to commit follies; and if France chooses to nurse speculation at the expense of her gold reserve, she knows very well that she can get back the gold whenever she is willing to pay the price for it.

THE THEATRES.

PLAYGOERS who were fortunate enough to witness the admirable performance by the Dutch company of players who visited London this year of Mr. Rosier Faassen's prize national drama *Anne-Mie* must have looked forward with interest, not unmixed perhaps with doubt, to its presentation in English at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The venture seemed to be more bold than wise; for it was obvious enough that much of the charm of the Dutch performance could not but be lost in the process of transplantation. Apart from the intrinsic attractions of the Dutch acting, the entire novelty of the manners and customs depicted, which were known to be true to the phase of life with which the play dealt, had in itself an element of success. For those who saw the piece in the original, this attraction has of course entirely vanished, and it may be doubted whether very much of it remains for playgoers to whom the piece is practically new. The sense that the thing is at best but a careful imitation can hardly be entirely got rid of, and might interfere to an appreciable extent with the success of a better constructed piece than *Anne-Mie*. It may be imagined that Mr. Rosier Faassen's object in writing the play was to introduce as many incidents and customs as possible characteristic of Zeeland life at the date which he chose, and to devise a plot in the course of which the introduction of these

should seem unforced and natural. If this was his aim, it may be said that he succeeded in a marked degree, and that, as the play was given by the Dutch company, the gloomy tone which runs through the plot was enough, or nearly enough, relieved by the brightness of some of the incidental business. There was a freshness and a *verve* about the scene of village life in the second act which was singularly attractive; and in their careful imitation of the business of this scene the English actors are not unnaturally somewhat cramped. The song seems, in spite of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's pleasant singing, to have lost its impulse, as the dance has lost its *abandon*; and the whole scene wants the spontaneity and brightness which "the phlegmatic Dutch" infused into it. It may be noted also that both in the latter part of this scene and in the other portions of the play Miss Beersman's power as an actress enabled her completely to avoid the depressing monotony into which Miss Ward falls. Miss Ward's performance is indeed a curiously disappointing one. To express the most pathetic and most varying emotions, she employs the same look, the same gestures, the same mechanical smile and hard, artificially caressing tone of voice which suited so well the entirely opposite character of Stéphanie in *Forget-Me-Not*. One situation after another with which Miss Beersman produced a striking effect fails in Miss Ward's hands to have any effect, save that of weary disappointment. For failure in the first act Miss Ward is perhaps less to be blamed than in subsequent parts of the piece. The task of an actress who has in one scene to represent a young girl, and in following ones the same young girl arrived at middle age, is exceptionally difficult. But even in this act, after all allowances have been made, Miss Ward's pathos seemed as artificial as her gaiety, and as the piece goes on this fault becomes more and more accentuated. The exit in the second act, at which Anne-Mie attempts to hide her emotion from her daughter under a light manner, was in Miss Beersman's hands a very telling and moving point; in Miss Ward's acting at the same point one sees a painful attempt on the part of a practised actress to produce an effect which is entirely out of her reach. The same may be said of the recognition by Anne-Mie of her old lover in the third act; and, on the whole, it must be regretted that an actress who appeared with so much success as Stéphanie should have followed up that success by attempting a part to which she is so eminently unsuited.

The story of *Anne-Mie* is in its main features simple enough. The first act passes in West Kapelle, at the farm of Dirksen, whose daughter, Anne-Mie, is the belle of the village. For her he desires a rich marriage; but she has been seduced by an English engineer, Herbert Russell, the Rynhoff of the original play. He is anxious to marry her; but the father, on learning what has happened, is carried away by passion, and rushing out, knife in hand, stabs the Englishman. The curtain falls on the discovery of his crime. Mr. Fernandez, who plays Dirksen, gave in this scene a good picture of the ambitious, avaricious farmer, whose violent temper overpowers him. It was not his fault, but that of the stage-management, that he missed the fine effect produced by Mr. Rosier Faassen at the first handling of his knife as a general threat to any one who might annoy Anne-Mie. Mr. Bruce plays the engineer, who is unfortunately described, before he appears, as "the young Englishman with his smart clothes and his haughty manner."

In the second act Anne-Mie, with a grown-up daughter who passes as her niece, is living with her half-crazy father (who has paid for his crime by spending three years in prison) in the village of Heer-Arendskerke. The village feast, to which reference has been made, takes place, and Koenrad Deel, the most brilliant of the young peasants, proposes to Anne-Mie for her supposed niece's hand. The proposal is declined by Anne-Mie, with of course infinite pain to herself, when she finds that the one thing demanded by Koenrad's parents in his bride is stainless birth. Mr. Forbes-Robertson plays Koenrad with much grace and intelligence, but misses the rustic flavour which Mr. W. Van Zuylen gave to the part. He misses also the effect of the contrast between Koenrad's delight, when he is carried in triumph after his victory at the ring-riding by his comrades, believing that he is to marry Lise, and his exit, carried as before in triumph, after he has learnt that his suit is rejected. Mr. Flockton plays Jan Schuif, the bad character of the piece, who, however, has little enough to do with its action. He is, as always, forcible and skilful; but his make-up is curiously unhappy. He should appear as a man of much the same age as his companions. Russell also reappears in this scene, in a long Inverness cape and an unkempt beard. The third act contains the scene of the knife stuck in the table by Jan Schuif as a challenge to whoever first touches it—an incident which, though somewhat redundant, was effective enough in the original play, but which now seems a useless excrescence. It ends with the recognition by Anne-Mie of Russell, in which Miss Ward fails to produce an adequate effect. We need not describe the exact manner in which in the last act things are brought to a satisfactory conclusion; but we must give praise to the pretty love-scene between Miss Grahame and Mr. Forbes-Robertson, and to Mr. Fernandez's acting as Dirksen, especially at the point where he is relieved by finding that Russell is a living man, and not the phantom who has long haunted his half-crazed dreams. We must also, before concluding our notice, commend Mr. De Lange for his excellent performance in the earlier scenes of Kwak, the inn-keeper. The writer of the English version has done his work well, though the conversion of Rynhoff into an Englishman seems

needless; but the production of the play cannot, as a whole, be considered fortunate.

The present performance at the Haymarket of the *Rivals* has several points in its favour. Mr. J. S. Clarke is unquestionably funny, if he is not unquestionably like Bob Acres; Mr. Conway's Captain Absolute is an excellent performance, wanting only more freedom in attitude and gesture; and Mrs. Stirling's admirable rendering of Mrs. Malaprop has improved with time. Miss Compton and Mr. Carton achieve the difficult task of making Julia and Falkland living and not uninteresting beings, and Messrs. Dawson and Lewis Ball play well as David and Fag. Mr. Kemble's Sir Lucius O'Trigger is one of the most conscientious and oddest performances ever seen. The farce of *Toodles*, which follows the comedy, has been "slightly compressed," with the result of making it hopelessly incomprehensible; but Mr. Clarke's drunken scene is certainly amusing enough.

Marked success in a new line is generally followed by imitation, and *Billee Taylor*, "a nautical comic opera in two acts," by Messrs. Stephens and Solomon, produced at the Imperial Theatre, seems to be an attempt in the school of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan. The play is arranged as nearly as may be on the lines of Mr. Gilbert's elaborate and consistent nonsense; but the general result is a suggestion of *crambe*, not so much *repetita*, as prepared after an ingenious receipt, but by unskilful hands. The bluntness and poverty of the dialogue serve to accentuate Mr. Gilbert's polish and invention; while the music is sometimes melodious, sometimes tiresome, sometimes like a far-off echo of Mr. Sullivan's, and never of striking merit. Miss Kathleen Corri sings prettily and steadily; Mr. Rivers and Mr. Norton are unequal to such demands as are made upon them; and Mr. J. D. Stoye is as usual excellent, singing one song especially in the first act with marked success and humour.

By the unfortunate accident which lately befell Mr. Charles Harcourt the stage has lost an able and useful actor. It is to be hoped that the event may lead to greater precautions being adopted. The wonder is perhaps not so much that this deplorable accident should have happened, as that there should be comparatively so few stage accidents of a fatal or even a serious kind. Another loss to the stage is occasioned by the death, lately recorded, of Mr. J. K. Emmett, an American actor of a singular charm, whose undoubted talent suffered in England from the wretched vehicle employed to display his many accomplishments. Nevertheless, his keen and quiet acting in some scenes of *Cousin Fritz*, his very clever assumption of the disguise of an old German charwoman, and the gaiety and grace of his song and dance, "Schneider, how you vas?" will be long remembered by those who saw his performance.

The German stage has sustained a serious loss by the death at an early age of Herr Dettmer, who had for some years occupied the place formerly filled by Herr Devrient at the Dresden Hof-theater. In various comedies and dramas of modern life, and in many Shakspearian parts—among them of course Hamlet—Herr Dettmer's performances were of the highest value. Of the parts in which we have seen him, Faust perhaps gave the fullest exposition of his powers. His depth and earnestness of thought and purpose were throughout remarkable, set off and matched as they were by the fine and grim comedy of Herr Jaffé's Mephistopheles; while the pathos of the earlier scenes, and especially of the speech ending "die Thräne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder," could hardly have been bettered.

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

THE Houghton Meeting began on one of the most lovely days of the autumn, and the course was in perfect condition for racing. An immense number of horses took part in the races of the opening day, more than seventy running in the seven races. Twenty-five two-year-olds ran in the Monday Nursery Handicap, eighteen horses ran for the Flying Stakes, and thirteen for the First Welter Handicap. Milan, who had won the Newmarket Derby at the Second October Meeting, beat a fairish field in the First Welter Handicap after a good race with Brotherhood. Hackthorpe was made the favourite for the Flying Stakes; but Rowston beat him by a length. At the Second October Meeting Rowston had been beaten by Tower and Sword; but now Tower and Sword was a long way behind him. The Monday Nursery was won by eight lengths by an outsider called Griselda, a grey filly by Strathconan, belonging to Lord Zetland; but she had only 6 st. 2 lbs. to carry, and she was receiving as much as 38 lbs. from one of her opponents. The race of the day was the Criterion Stakes, a two-year-old race which has been in existence for fifty years. It has not been very productive of Derby winners, only Thormanby and Lord Lyon having won both the Criterion and the Derby, but five Criterion winners have won the St. Leger. Nine horses came to the post. The first favourite was Brag, who had won a 100l. plate at the Second October Meeting by eight lengths. He was unpenalized; and, as he had galloped in for the above-mentioned race in such easy style, it was thought that Thebas could not give him sex and 5 lbs. This handsome filly was, however, a strong second favourite. After failing in her first two races, she had begun a career of unbroken success, winning eight races in succession, and it did not seem at all clear that she might not be the best two-year-old of her year. She had 8 st. 13 lbs. to carry. Instead of running Town Moor, who had

been second in the Middle Park Plate, Lord Rosebery ran Savoyard, who had won a race at the Second October Meeting. Sir Marmaduke, who had won the Prendergast and been fifth in the Middle Park Plate, was another starter. Altogether nine went to the post. A good start followed a short delay at the post. Savoyard had a little the best of it at first, but Bookmaker soon took the lead. At the Red Post, Bookmaker was beaten, when Savoyard again led, accompanied this time by Thebais, who wore him down as they came along the rails, beating him pretty easily at last by a length. Sir Marmaduke was only half a length behind Savoyard. Although no very extraordinary performance in itself, Thebais's victory in the Criterion, combined with her other running, makes her out to be one of the best fillies of her year, if not quite the best. She is engaged in the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the Grand Prix de Paris.

The promises of the weather on the Monday proved very deceptive, for the Tuesday turned out a miserable day. After breakfast a steady rain set in, and the rest of the day was wretched in the extreme. The authorities had very sensibly arranged that the racing should begin at twelve o'clock. In spite of the weather, the attendance was very large, even for a Cambridgeshire day. We described the race for the Cambridgeshire itself last week; but, independently of the great race, there were several very fine contests, although the horses which took part in them were perhaps scarcely first class. Old Grand Flaneur was the first favourite for the All-Aged Trial Stakes, and he made the running; but in the Dip, Tower and Sword and Flavius challenged him, and, after a remarkably grand race, he just won by a neck, Tower and Sword beating Flavius by a head. Then came a Maiden Plate, for which twenty-one two-year-olds started. Out of this large field the public were clever enough to select the winner in Goggles, who started first favourite at 5 to 1. This was even a better race than that which preceded it, there being only a head between each of the three leading horses at the winning-post, while the fourth horse was close up. The next race was won by half a length by a 10 to 1 outsider, as if in revenge for the success of the learned in the Maiden Plate. In another two-year-old race which followed, fifteen horses started, and again there was only a head between each of the three horses that first passed the winning-post, while the fourth was again close to the leaders. The Maiden Riders' Plate, which preceded the Cambridgeshire, was not a particularly interesting race; and after the great event there was so much excitement and so much betting about the objection which had been lodged against Lucetta, that no one seemed to care about the races which followed it, although the last race of the day was won after a very fine struggle by a head. Archer was on Great Carle, and Cannon was on Fiddler, and the pair ran together the whole way, Archer just succeeding in gaining the narrowest of victories at the winning post. Although a most unpleasant day as regards weather, it was a wonderful day's racing, and between ninety and a hundred horses ran in the course of it.

On Wednesday the weather was worse rather than better, and the course was very heavy. The ground was in a state to make people prepared for a total reversal of previous public running, and they were not disappointed. Generally speaking, races are run over hard or springy turf; when, therefore, horses who have met under ordinary conditions run against each other through mud, their former running is often completely upset. The great race of the day was the Dewhurst Plate, a two-year-old race, worth nearly 2,000*l*. Up to the time of the Middle Park Plate, Bal Gal, who was said to be a roarer, had been the best two-year-old performer of the year. In the Middle Park Plate, however, she had run only fourth to St. Louis, to whom she was giving 4 lbs., Town Moor being second and Lucy Glitters third. Now, in the Dewhurst Plate, St. Louis was to give Bal Gal 6 lbs. instead of receiving 4 lbs. from her; but as the distance was to be seven furlongs instead of six, it was believed that the roarer would not be able to make way even on 10 lbs. better terms than those on which she had met St. Louis in the Middle Park Plate. Town Moor was now to meet Bal Gal on the same terms as in the Middle Park Plate, so, on public form, he was bound to beat her, and Lucy Glitters was to run under like conditions; but, although she had beaten Bal Gal in the Middle Park Plate, it was thought that this might have been owing to Bal Gal's jockey easing her when he saw that all chance of winning the race was gone. Brag was also to run in the Dewhurst Plate, but, after his form in the Criterion, his chance was naturally regarded as hopeless. It had been generally understood that Bal Gal had lately become a worse and worse roarer; and a course, therefore, of unusual length was considered most unsuitable for her, especially when the ground was exceptionally heavy. The result falsified all these calculations. Bal Gal won. This of course seemed wrong. The disgraced Brag made a fine race with her. This, on public running, seemed more erroneous still. Lucy Glitters was close up to Brag; in fact, there was only a neck between each of the three leading horses. That Lucy Glitters should beat St. Louis, who was fourth, appeared puzzling. Then Sir Marmaduke, who had won the Prendergast and been third in the Criterion, was absolutely the last horse in the race. Altogether the Dewhurst Plate was a complete upset of previous form; but, when the state of the ground is considered, this result does not seem so wonderful. The extraordinary part of the matter is that Bal Gal should have run so well through heavy ground over a long course, if she is a roarer. If Bal Gal is not a roarer, it does not seem so inconsistent that she should beat St. Louis when meeting him on 10 lbs. better terms

than in the Criterion, and the effect of St. Louis's extra weight must have been almost doubled by the condition of the course. After the fine contests of the previous day, the majority of the racing on the Wednesday was poor indeed. The most leniently weighted horse in the first race won by twenty lengths, and each of the next races was won by several lengths. Then came a hard struggle, in which victory was won by a head only; and in the Dewhurst Plate, which followed, there was, as we have already observed, a very fine race. The four succeeding races were all won with ease, the favourites being beaten in three cases out of four. Indeed, out of the nine races which were run during the day, the favourites only won in two instances. During the morning Robert the Devil was brought out for sale, but nobody offered any advance on his reserve price of 12,000*l*. This was certainly a substantial sum; but it must be remembered that Doncaster, who had not done so much to deserve it, was sold for 14,000*l*. when a couple of years older. Lord Rosebery's horses sold but badly. Moorfoot, who had cost 6,000 guineas two years ago, now went for 135 guineas. This horse is better known as Bonnie Scotland, and it may be remembered that he started second favourite for the Derby of 1878. Visconti, who ran third for the Derby last year, was knocked down for 75 guineas. It is said that both these horses were purchased to be sent abroad. Some really useful racehorses in training were sold for prices varying from 200 to 700 guineas.

The weather improved slightly on the Thursday, but it was very showery, and, if possible, more muddy than ever. The sport was not quite of the best quality, but there was a great deal of very pretty racing. There was a capital race between May Queen and Lancaster Bowman in the Coffee-Room Handicap, the former just managing to hold her own and to win by a head after a brilliant rush by Lancaster Bowman. The Subscription Stakes was a match between the Duke of Westminster's Douranee and Lord Rosebery's Myra. Douranee is a three-year-old. Last year she had been a performer of high class, winning nine races out of thirteen; but this year she had run badly. Myra is a two-year-old, and she shows a good deal of quality. The pair met at weight for age, and the two-year-old was the favourite; but Archer brought up Douranee exactly at the proper moment, and won the race by half a length. There was a good race for a two-year-old selling plate which followed. Fourteen horses started, and Jessie, the first favourite, won by a length, but only after a hard fight, and the third horse was but a head behind the second. The Brethby Nursery turned out a better race still. There were eighteen starters, and Heyday, the favourite, seemed to be winning, when he swerved, and Foxhall, who had won the Bedford Stakes at the Second October Meeting, collared him, and beat him on the post by a head. A horse called Accelerato was third, only a head behind Heyday. This was not a bad performance on the part of Foxhall, as he was giving Heyday 2 st. At the same time, it must be allowed that many good judges of racing were of opinion that the victory was accomplished entirely by good riding. The Free Handicap Sweepstakes, which ought, theoretically, to be one of the most interesting races of the year, ended in a very poor affair. The best public performer among the starters was Apollo, but, as he was giving from 14 to 20 lbs. to each of his opponents, he was quite outweighed in the heavy ground. Poulet was made the favourite, and he won, but only after a severe race with Master Waller, whom he beat by a head. A filly of Lord Hartington's, who was first favourite, won the Feather Plate by a length, after a good race. Savoyard was made first favourite for the Troy Stakes, but, when he seemed to be winning, he suddenly ran in a very cowardly manner, and Archer brought up the Duke of Westminster's Thora with one of his dangerous rushes, and won by half a length. This was the second time during the day that a horse of the Duke of Westminster's, with Archer on its back, had rushed up at the end of a race and beaten a horse of Lord Rosebery's by half a length. In the next race, again, the Duke of Westminster and Archer were successful; and again the Duke beat a lord of his own politics. Considering the indifferent running of Douranee during the summer it was much to her credit that she should win two races in one day. At the sales in the morning there was a curious instance of the vicissitudes of the turf, when a horse called The Dwarf, who in 1871 won the Great Northern Handicap and the Great Yorkshire Handicap (races worth, between them, more than 1,000*l*.), was sold as "a good hack, and quiet in single and double harness," for 25 guineas.

It was rather finer on the Friday than during the three preceding days; but again there were heavy showers, occasionally accompanied by a cold north-easterly wind. But few people came to see the races. Thebais had only Lennoxlove to beat for the Homebred Foal Post Stakes. For the Post Sweepstakes Town Moor beat St. Louis; but, as he was receiving 9 lbs. and only won by half a length, it was much the same as a beating at even weights. 3 to 1 was laid on the wrong horse for a match, and then came the All-aged Stakes. Hackthorpe and Douranee were equal favourites at 6 to 4. As much as 4 to 1 was laid against Océanie, who had not been out before this season. In these calculations a terrible mistake was made. Hackthorpe was out of form, and Douranee was tired after her two races of the previous day, so Océanie won easily. Last year Océanie won each of the three races for which she started, so she has never yet been beaten. That good horse Chippendale won the Jockey Club Cup with great ease. There was a grand race for a sweepstakes between Grand Flaneur and Tower and Sword, the former winning by a

head; but, taken as a whole, the racing was poor on the Friday, and the fields were very small compared with those on the opening day. Only nine horses ran for the first four races. In point of weather, the late Houghton Meeting was one of the most disagreeable within living memory, but there were a great many finely contested races during the week.

REVIEWS.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.*

AFTER the lapse of more than seventy years, and the failure of several previous attempts, Fox is at last fortunate in a biographer. Mr. Trevelyan says, in a faintly complimentary tone, that he could scarcely have accomplished his task without the materials supplied by Lord Holland and Lord John Russell; yet it is difficult to account for the extraordinary badness of the compilation for which they are jointly responsible. They both possessed great ability; they had both literary aptitude and experience; and they were almost equally attached to their hero by political admiration and sympathy, and one of them by deep personal affection. All materials within the control of Fox's friends and family were at the disposal of the two writers in succession; and it is difficult to say whether the nephew or the eventual successor of Fox was more deeply imbued with the orthodox Whig tradition. Lord Holland's fragmentary anecdotes are more valuable than Lord John Russell's comments; but the barrenness of his recollections is surprising. The extracts from Fox's correspondence are in many instances so little creditable to the writer as to suggest a doubt whether the selection is to be attributed to carelessness or to candour. Mr. Trevelyan is a literary artist of a higher order, and notwithstanding the lapse of a second or third generation, his enthusiasm for the great Whig orator is more indiscriminate, if not warmer, than the devotion of Lord Holland or Lord John Russell. The present volume, which records little of Fox's life except his youthful faults and follies, teems with hints and suggestions of the future wisdom and greatness which it will be Mr. Trevelyan's business to disclose. If his work were the first instalment of a romance, the expectant reader would wonder whether the future Henry V. could possibly redeem the promises which are to procure condonation for the errors of the Prince of Wales. His biographer has undertaken to prove that in his maturer career Fox seldom made a mistake, and that he mainly contributed to the creation of a new and better political era. As the story is not a fiction, but a history, those who already know something of its course and tendency will not be the last to admire the enterprise of the daring biographer, and to applaud him if they witness his final success. His first essay will have excited and justified an interest which he will perhaps sustain to the end. Mr. Trevelyan had already shown his command of a highly attractive style. Copious, rapid, invariably clear, and on fit occasions humorous or eloquent, he is one of the most readable of modern writers. A mannerism into which he still sometimes lapses always seems to be a lingering echo of Macaulay. Mr. Trevelyan, when he is not subject to foreign influence, is too fresh and too full of life to adjust his thought and language to an artificial model. He rarely falls into careless inelegance; but he would do well to correct one or two colloquial or inaccurate phrases. The conjecture that Lord Weymouth would, in a certain contingency, have "levanted" is not expressed in English. The statement that Devonshire "marches" with Dorsetshire is Scotch.

Fox's exploits in private and in public to the age of twenty-five would scarcely have provided subject-matter for a volume of more than five hundred pages. Mr. Trevelyan has taken the opportunity to relate much of the political history of the time, and to describe with not unsympathetic sarcasm a state of society which, as he says, must have been greatly enjoyed by those who shared its advantages. No writer more fully appreciates the enviable position of the English aristocracy in the middle of the eighteenth century, when their supremacy was undisputed, and when their party struggles possessed for themselves and others a personal interest. In describing their morals, which were undoubtedly too often lax, Mr. Trevelyan tends, if not to exaggeration, at least to partiality in selection. He sometimes borrows the spirit as well as the statements of the satirists whom he quotes with too implicit a faith. Junius and Churchill are the least authentic witnesses against the characters of the many objects of their hatred. Even Sandwich may not have been so bad as his reputation; or, at least, he had redeeming qualities. It was when he was in deep distress on account of the gravest scandal and worst misfortune of his life that Fox moved an Address for his dismissal from the Royal Councils. On the whole, Mr. Trevelyan's moral indignation is not undeserved; but, if the statesmen of the time practised corruption, and if some of them used their influence to acquire places and pensions, many of them were too rich to be bribed, and many were too high-minded to care for money in the contention for power. Not only Chatham, but Temple and Grenville, were exempt from the suspicion of corrupt motives and acts; and they, and many of their contemporary rivals, might be more plausibly accused of factious caprice in resigning and re-

fusing office than of clinging unduly to its emoluments. The Duke of Newcastle, who in another relation was more immediately connected with Parliamentary corruption than any other statesman of his time, impaired his great fortune during forty-four years of office. Henry Fox, who was not without reason reputed the most grasping placeman of his time, seems not to have exceeded his legal right in profiting by the balances in the Paymaster's hands, although Pitt before him, and Burke at a later period, declined to make a questionable profit. Mr. Trevelyan's assertion that Fox and his allies purified the principles and practice of statesmen is hitherto supported by no evidence beyond the terms and effect of Burke's celebrated Act which was passed during the short Rockingham Administration. The change which undoubtedly took place between 1760 and 1810 may be at least as fairly attributed to the unsullied purity of Pitt as to Fox's denunciations of official corruption.

Candour and approximate impartiality in the estimate of historical characters are a result of time as well as of Mr. Trevelyan's genius. The partisanship of Macaulay's earlier writings was already becoming obsolete when, with a sincere desire to do justice to an opponent, he wrote the Life of Pitt. It was rather through an inveterate propensity to antithesis than in consequence of political prejudice that he extolled the first half of Pitt's career in contrast with the supposed failure of his later efforts. Mr. Trevelyan conforms to modern custom in allowing that some of Fox's political opponents may have had merits of their own. His character of George III., to whom he rightly attributes a strong and narrow understanding, is not wholly unfavourable. He appreciates the King's courage, his temperance in a dissipated age, and his untiring devotion to business. The King's attempt to assert his own power against the dominant aristocratic factions was condemned by its ultimate failure; but Shelburne, and to a certain extent Pitt, sympathized with the experiment. It must be admitted by the King's apologists that on special issues he was, through a bad education and in the absence of sound advice, during the first ten years of his reign, almost uniformly in the wrong. For the policy of obstinately prosecuting the American war he was not exclusively responsible. In the first instance he had disapproved of George Grenville's Stamp Act, and he afterwards favoured a modification of the demand on the colonists. After the rupture he persevered in the struggle with the full assent and approval of the great majority of his subjects. There is no historical fact better attested than the approximate unanimity of the English people in deprecating the first disruption of the Empire. It would have needed a more tolerant temper and a more comprehensive intellect than that of George III. not to be irritated by the declamation in which Fox and his associates always included the King among the accomplices of the Ministers whom they daily threatened with the scaffold. Mr. Trevelyan boldly finds fault with Chatham for "declaiming against the most modest and long-suffering set of statesmen that ever did the King's business as 'the proudest connexion in the country.'" In the same sentence, Mr. Trevelyan praises the Duke of Richmond for telling Chatham "that the nobility would not be brow-beaten by an insolent Minister." It was as the most powerful section of the nobility that the Whigs under Rockingham, as under Newcastle, claimed the authority which George III. considered to be rightfully his own. On the death of Rockingham, Fox demanded the right of setting up an unknown Duke of Portland, first as the figure-head of the party, and consequently as the King's First Minister on the accession of the party to power.

Either in preparation for his present task, or perhaps in accordance with a laudable taste for one of the most amusing branches of literature, Mr. Trevelyan has saturated his mind with the memoirs, diaries, and correspondence which furnish the principal materials for the social and political history of the time. He gives just praise to the Life of Shelburne, which nevertheless Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice would do well to rearrange in a future edition. If he imperfectly appreciates the merits of Horace Walpole, he is not disposed to hold with Macaulay that the best of English letter-writers drew his inspiration from the defects of his own intellect and character. The same luminous explanation was, on the same authority, employed to account for Boswell's superiority to all ancient and modern biographers. Mr. Trevelyan, with not less critical acuteness, is less concerned than his famous kinsman to exercise and exhibit paradoxical ingenuity on irrelevant occasions. Many admirable illustrations both of the early history of Fox and of contemporary customs and modes of thought are derived from the collection of letters addressed to George Selwyn. Mr. Trevelyan, in a not unprovoked burst of virtuous indignation, declares that the Selwyn Correspondence is dreary reading. The severe moralist must disapprove the candid defiance of decency of Lord March, the scandalous proceedings of Charles Fox, and the strange complaisance of Selwyn's led captain, who unfortunately was not really a captain, but a benefited Doctor of Divinity; but the representation of a brilliant and dissolute society is singularly vivid. It is, as Mr. Trevelyan frequently and forcibly suggests, a wonderful proof of the vigour of Fox's character that he should have attained greatness after eager participation from boyhood to middle life in the worst excesses of the age. His father succeeded by his insane indulgence in making him a gambler and a profligate; but nevertheless Fox was an industrious student before he was immersed in political adventure; and, as he said of himself when he was praised for his skill at tennis, he was always a painstaking man. More surprising than the energy which was unimpaired by his

* *The Early History of Charles James Fox.* By George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

vicious habits was the simplicity of taste which enabled him during his later years to find sufficient happiness in domestic life. Few anecdotes are more touching than Lord Holland's description of the tears which trickled down Fox's cheek when he was told that an adjournment of a debate rendered it necessary that he should stay two or three nights instead of one night in town. His devotion to his wife would be a still pleasanter object of contemplation, if his indifference to her honour and to decorum had not allowed him to live with her for several years before he thought it necessary to marry. Nevertheless it is impossible to doubt the truth of Burke's celebrated and regretful saying, that, "to be sure, he was a man made to be loved." To this day, in the judgment of his admirers, of whom Mr. Trevelyan has made himself the representative and the organ,

He bears no token of the sabler streams;
And soars far off among the swans of Thames.

The zealous biographer takes pleasure in expatiating on the perversity of Fox's early efforts in the House of Commons. As it was one of his principles to speak every night, he could scarcely be expected always to speak wisely or to choose his side judiciously. From the first he provoked the reasonable distrust of the Minister by his neglect of party and official discipline; and he seems never to have attempted to cultivate the favour of the King. Notwithstanding his marvellous precocity, he was on his entrance into Parliament only a clever boy with a juvenile devotion to the logic which draws correct conclusions from premisses selected at random. His exaggerated violence against the reporters and publishers of debates was perhaps not altogether capricious. A young partisan might naturally accept the extreme claims of Parliamentary privilege, and draw the inference that the representatives of the nation had absolutely appropriated to themselves the powers of the constituency. In one instance where he appears to Mr. Trevelyan to have been unaccountably adroit in supporting an unjust cause, Fox was wholly in the right. For the purpose of defeating a vexatious grant to Sir James Lowther of Crown lands long enjoyed by the Dukes of Portland, an Act had been passed limiting to a period of sixty years the right of the Crown to recall a grant. By a clause in the Act grantees were allowed a twelve-month within which they might prosecute their claims; and Sir James Lowther naturally commenced proceedings in the Court of Exchequer. In consequence a second Bill, warmly supported by Burke, was introduced to repeal the saving clause. The proposer, Sir W. Meredith, challenged the Ministers to give a reason for refusing protection to the Duke of Portland; but, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "It was never safe to challenge the Treasury Bench for a reason with regard to any question which filled a space in the mind of Charles Fox. Reasons in that luxuriant soil were plentiful as blackberries, and changed their colour at least as often." It is strange that so acute a reasoner as Mr. Trevelyan should not perceive that the Bill conferred a *privilegium* on a private litigant to the detriment of his adversary. Fox's argument was unanswerable. "If the title is taken away by Act of Parliament, why not bring in an Act to take away the estate of any landlord in the kingdom?" Yet Mr. Trevelyan observes that "St. Stephen's had never seen, and in all probability will never see again, such perversity of opinion combined with such acuteness of intellect and intensity of conviction."

It is doubtful whether Fox was right in his strong opposition to the Royal Marriage Bill; and it is certain that he was wrong in the attempt to repeal Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act, which led to his dismissal by Lord North and to his alliance with the Rockingham Whigs; but it is not worth while to revive obsolete controversies. With a fine sense of artistic fitness Mr. Trevelyan closes his present work at the moment of transition from heresy to the true Whig faith. As Pitt in Lord Macaulay's picture spent one-half of his career in light and the remainder in shadow, Fox, when he went into opposition, emerged from darkness into an after life unclouded by error, though it was never illumined by good fortune.

The first and easiest part of Mr. Trevelyan's task has been successfully accomplished:—

*νῦν αὐτὲ σκόπον ἄλλον, ὃν οὐτῶα τὶς βάλει ἄνηρ
εἰσόμεναι, αἱ κε τύχοιμι.*

If he attains his aim, he will be the first historian who has vindicated all Fox's acts. Mr. Trevelyan will easily show that Fox was a great orator and party leader, and that his impulses were patriotic and generous. He is also prepared to defend his refusal to retain office under Shelburne, his coalition with North, his opposition to Free-trade with Ireland in 1785, and to the Commercial Treaty with France in 1786, and his assertion in the same year that the Prince of Wales was Regent by right. Mr. Trevelyan has already asserted that, almost alone among Englishmen, Fox recognized the rights of the French nation after the destruction of the Crown and the aristocracy. It may be added that he excused some of the worst excesses of the rabble, as when he absurdly contended that the attack on the Tuileries in June 1792 was justified on sound Whig principles. In his private correspondence Fox repeatedly calls Pitt a villain; and he takes pleasure in a fall of stocks, not that he understands the Funds, but because he knows that it causes annoyance to Pitt. When Napoleon was at Boulogne Fox asked why he should take part in the national defence, when, tyrant for tyrant, he saw no reason for preferring George III. to Bonaparte. During the negotiations for peace he confessed that he took pleasure in every advantage obtained by France and in every humiliation inflicted

on England. The best defence of offensive words and mistaken acts is that they were not exhaustive of his conduct and character. It may well be that when Mr. Trevelyan has completed his biography he will have a right to strike a balance in favour of its subject; but prudence and justice will require the admission that there is much to extenuate or to explain.

CHINESE AND CHALDEES.*

ONE of the most curious instances of the tendency of the human mind to take things for granted is seen in the views commonly entertained about the Chinese. We have accustomed ourselves to put aside a whole third of mankind, to place it in a separate pigeon-hole as far as possible out of reach and labelled "anomalous," and then tranquilly to repose in the reflection that we have done with China. It has been the universal habit to regard the Chinese as a people apart from all the rest of the world, a race distinct from all other races, as though we accepted the name "Celestials" in the sense of visitors from some other planetary body. The chief interest to most people about China has always consisted in its contrast to other countries. Chinese was a wonderful language simply because philologists could find no word in it that could be traced to the same root as any known word in any other tongue; and scholars amused themselves with discovering in the isolation of Chinese roots an obvious sign of the primitive language of mankind. Chinese civilization, again, was notable mainly in its priority; it was curious to find that many modern European discoveries had been anticipated in the Flowery Land a few thousand years before the Christian era. The same quality of singularity attracted a faint degree of interest to the Chinaman himself. His patient, unwearying labour on his own plot of ground or as a coolie in West Indian plantations formed a remarkable contrast to other agriculturists, and his cunning avarice and occasional gleams of native cruelty gave him an element of the sensational. But here inquiry ended. It was not thought necessary to find any answer to the questions, Whence comes this isolation and singularity? Why is Chinese a language apart? Where did China learn its civilization? Is there really no link between this extraordinary third part of the human race and the other two-thirds? One side of the shield had been accepted as the true metal, and the other side could not be worth seeing. It was granted that everything about China was anomalous; so why concern oneself with the impossibility that anything in common between China and other lands might be discovered? With fatal facility the absence of any answer was taken as a complete solution of all problems.

It must, however, be allowed that there were excuses for letting things rest. The Chinese language by itself interposes sufficient difficulties in the path of inquiry to daunt the boldest explorer. The common statement that there are 80,000 letters in the alphabet conveys an imperfect impression, and is, moreover, practically an exaggeration. Nevertheless, the 8,000 characters in ordinary use, augmented as they are in effect by altered values in different combinations, offer a serious mechanical impediment to the student. This, however, is a small part of the obstacles encountered by the investigator into the early stages of Chinese culture. A much more serious difficulty lies in the fact that the modern written character does not represent the original writing. It is not that it has suffered the ordinary changes and corruptions of long usage—these we are prepared for in all written characters—but that it has been modified of malice prepense by the literary meddling of successive Governments. Official improvements in the alphabet are happily rare; we have heard of a Roman Emperor who turned his hand to coining additional letters, but otherwise State interference with the alphabet is not a branch of legislation which has hitherto found much favour; though the Académie Française, to which Mr. Matthew Arnold is so devoted, has come dangerously near to something of the kind. In China, on the contrary, periodical alterations in the written character have been as much a regular part of the course of things as the renewal of the Mutiny Act in England. M. Terrien de la Couperie, a gifted young sinologue who bids fair to introduce a new era in the study of Chinese, says in the interesting and startling lecture on the "Early History of Chinese Civilization" which he has recently published:—

The Chinese form of writing, as used in printed books, the *Kui-shu* of the present day (allowing for certain improvements added under the Sung dynasty about the tenth century), dates from the fourth century of our era, but no further back. It is composed of 103 different elements or strokes, the position of which was an imitation of the more rounded and thicker writing, called *Li-shu*, modified by the rapidity of execution, which had become possible through the improvements in the apparatus of the scribe, viz., his paper and hair-pencil. The *Li-shu* had been the official text since the days of the Tsin dynasty, at which time it was devised through the necessity for a uniform system throughout the empire. This again had been preceded by the *Siao-chuen*, a character composed of meagre and monotonous strokes such as were adapted to the materials then in use, viz., a bamboo written on with a stylus. This, again, was an official modification, originating in the same desire for uniformity which had been attempted in the reign of the great Shi-Hoang of the Tsin. The *Siao-chuen* had been modified from the ancient mode of writing called *Ta-chuen*, in which great variations had developed themselves among the different States (independent, eventually, rather than feudatory) which had once been subject to the ancient dominion of the Choen; but the amount of

* *Early History of Chinese Civilization*. By Terrien de la Couperie, M.R.A.S. de la Société Asiatique de Paris, &c. With Plate. London: Vaton. 1880.

modification had been great, and the attempt failed in its aim. Now from these successive official changes came a great number of alterations in the elements of the characters intended to make them answer more exactly to their signification as shaped by the ideas then dominant, and by the systematic interpretation more or less in vogue; the addition in compound characters of a considerable number of determinative ideographic elements without affecting the sound; all leaving their stamp on the composition of the characters in use. Now it is this stamp which for many years—I must not say for centuries—has been a clog on the steps of European students in their efforts to investigate the true nature of Chinese writing.

The most ancient of these successive forms of writing, the *Ta-chuen*, was a remarkable creation. It was made by the historiographer Shoo Choen by order of King Shuen, one of the greatest monarchs of the Choen dynasty. It was intended to consolidate the various feudatory States by means of a literary and linguistic unity, in the place of the confusion of tongues which was arising by dialectal variations:—

In this undertaking [says M. de la Couperie] the written character was reconstructed as one of hieroglyphics. This event in the history of writing, of which the importance is unmistakable, but which has never till now been pointed out, had no small influence on the destinies of the Celestial Empire. If it has in truth aided the spread of the Chinese power, and facilitated its maintenance over a too vast area, it has at the same time been a clog, so far as its action could go, upon its development, in the sense in which this expression is understood among the higher races to whose progress the possession of an alphabet—a thing rendered impossible by this event among the Chinese—has contributed so immensely.

This return to the hieroglyphic form in the *Ta-chuen* is M. de la Couperie's discovery, and it must be admitted to be one of the most extraordinary facts—for such he proves it to be—in the history of any language. But his researches go back beyond this. By a long and patient investigation of the various means of arriving at a knowledge of the most ancient character of Chinese writing—such as native works on phonetism, ancient rhymes and dialects, the transliteration of proper names, and the comparison of modern Chinese dialects—M. de la Couperie has arrived at the astonishing conclusion, in which he is supported by the authority of Professor Douglas, that the Chinese language, “excessively attenuated as it is now, and disguised by the influence of idioms belonging to a different morphology and ideology, is an ancient member of the great family of agglutinant languages known as Ural-Altaic”—a sister-tongue, in short, of the Akkadian.

How this remarkable conclusion is reached can hardly be adequately explained in a short space; but a few links in the chain of evidence will serve to show the soundness of M. de la Couperie's process. It is placed beyond doubt that the ancient Chinese written character, like the cuneiform, degenerated from original hieroglyphics. The marvellous similarity of the signs for a variety of common things—such as “family,” “bull,” “black,” “region,” “son,” “tile,” and “eye” (the last curiously sloping in Akkadian as in Chinese)—is clearly shown in the lithographic table prefixed to M. de la Couperie's lecture, after allowance has been made for the difference of the materials employed for the two writings, the soft clay of the Akkadians naturally requiring a different tool and a different style of writing from the hard tablets of bamboo of the Chinese. A remarkable agreement is seen in the full-face drawing of the images in China as in Chaldea, in contrast to the profile hieroglyphs of Egypt. The hieroglyphic value of these ancient Chinese characters is unfortunately not known in any large proportion; but enough are preserved to show that in sound and meaning, as well as form, they closely agree with the Akkadian. M. de la Couperie gives a list of fifty of the commonest words of the two languages which show a consistent relation. Thus “to shine” in Akkadian is *mul*, in Chinese *mut*; “to die” in Akkadian *mit*, in Chinese *mut*; “book,” *A. kin*, *C. king*; “cloth,” *A. and C. sik*; “right-hand,” *A. zag*, *C. dzek*; “hero,” *A. dun*, *C. tan*; “earth,” *A. kiengi*, *C. kien kai*; “cow,” *A. lu*, *tup*, *C. lub*; “brick,” *A. and C. ku*, &c. It is evident that the languages as well as the characters are closely related.

That the character and language did not originally arise among the Chinese themselves is shown by the fact that they had lost most of the symbolic values of the hieroglyphs at the earliest period—that period to which they refer all their inventions, science, and arts, the legendary time of Nai Hoang-ti or Nai Konti, whose name singularly recalls that of Nakhunta, the chief of the gods, as recorded in the Susian texts; a name, moreover, which was given to all the kings of Susa, just as Nai Hoang-ti's Minister, Dum-kit, resembles Dungi, King of Ur. The coincidence is rendered still more remarkable when we are told that the Akkadian characters forming the name of Dungi mean “the man of the bamboo tablet,” and that the earliest Chinese character for his name means “carver of wood.” M. de la Couperie has collected a large number of instances of resemblance between the Chinese and Chaldee vocabularies. The names of the four cardinal points, the practice of divination by arrows, the duodenary arrangement of provinces, and many other things, are precisely similar in the two countries as recorded in their oldest documents. It is, however, unnecessary to recapitulate them here. The deduction from such resemblances, added to the fact that the original meanings of the hieroglyphs were already in part forgotten when they were introduced into China, is that “a certain number of families or of tribes, without any apparent generic name, but among whom the Kutta filled an important position, came to China about the year 2500 B.C. These tribes, which came from the west, were obliged to quit the neighbourhood, probably north of Susiana, and were comprised in the feudal agglomeration of that region, where they must have been influenced by the Akkado-Chaldean culture.”

That such an amazing discovery as this ought to receive mature

investigation before its accuracy is admitted will be demanded by every philologist; but it is difficult to read M. de la Couperie's lecture without being impressed with the conviction that he has really made one of the greatest philological discoveries of the day, and that at length the point of union so long despaired of between China and the rest of the world has been found. A practical test of the soundness of M. de la Couperie's conclusions has been tried in the paper he read before the Royal Asiatic Society on the Yh-king. This pre-eminent sacred book of China has puzzled all commentators, from Confucius downwards; but under M. de la Couperie's treatment, explained with his knowledge of the most ancient language of China, it becomes at last intelligible. At the beginning of chapter xxx., for example, is a hieroglyph of a horned mammal, described as meaning a cow, with the sounds *dip* and *loop*; and then follow six lists of characters, of which the commentators have made no connected sense whatever. As a matter of fact, however, these characters represent a series of the meanings of the hieroglyph at the beginning expressed phonetically, some of which still exist in Chinese, though many are lost, only, however, to be recovered in the cuneiform syllabaries. This is a searching test of M. de la Couperie's work, and more examples of its results will doubtless appear in the book by the same author which is now advertised as in the press, *Le Yh-king et les Origines Asiatiques Occidentales de la Civilisation Chinoise*. But, as it stands at present, set forth in the *Early History of Chinese Civilization*, the theory seems well enough founded to challenge criticism, and marks a new departure in Chinese scholarship.

MCCARTHY'S HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.*

MR. MCCARTHY has finished the laborious and difficult task which he set before him. He has written the history of England during the reign of Queen Victoria, and he carries his readers to the general election of the present year. It is a very remarkable undertaking to have really carried out. To plan such a work is not a great feat; to make some progress in it is what many literary men of ability could have managed. But to have begun at the beginning and gone on to the end, to have got through his four volumes, and to have got everything he wished to get in within the compass of four volumes, is a great success. But to have made his work complete is only a part of the success which Mr. McCarthy has achieved. The first condition which a history of our own times must fulfil is, no doubt, that it should be a history of our own times, that it should tell us all we want to know, should tell no more, and should treat everything in the right perspective, so that the due amount of space and importance may be given to each successive event, or group of events. The next condition is that it must be fair, that contemporaries should be neither pulled nor maligned, that actions should be fairly interpreted, and that the author, while letting his readers know his opinions, should do justice to the side which he does not adopt. The third condition—indispensable, but hard to fulfil—is that it should be entertaining, that the writer should have a good style and write well throughout, that he should perpetually make himself felt by his readers as being himself and no one else, and yet that he should avoid paradoxes, mere smartness, and the appearance of making epigrams to order. All these conditions Mr. McCarthy has fulfilled. His work is fairly exhaustive; but it cannot be said that it is ever prolix. There is, perhaps, a little hurrying towards the end; but, on the whole, it may be said that the right degree of importance is given to the right things. Then it is eminently fair. Of course an author could neither feel nor impart interest unless he had definite opinions which colour his judgment. Mr. McCarthy as a writer is a moderate Liberal, and he views the history of our times from the point of view which is natural to a moderate Liberal. But, if he is a Liberal, he is moderate. If he does justice to Mr. Gladstone, he does equal justice to Lord Beaconsfield. He criticizes Lord Russell and Lord Palmerston as freely as he criticizes their opponents. Outside the sphere of literature he is a member of Parliament, a Home Ruler, and has lately joined the Land League. But a book is a book, and must be criticized by what is found in its pages, and not by what is known of the author outside his work; and in his book Mr. McCarthy is temperate, reasonable, and judicious. Lastly, his History is eminently entertaining, and his power of entertaining his readers never flags. He never seems to be exhausted, and his fourth volume is perhaps the best of the set. To say that this work is as pleasant and attractive to read as a novel is to pay a great compliment to novels. Almost every page has something in it that is good because it is at once unexpected and yet not forced. The book is pervaded with a gentle spirit of subdued fun, and yet it is never frivolous or comic. Mr. McCarthy has not only the art of story-telling, but makes his narrative sparkle with happy hits, and yet these happy hits do not eclipse the more modest bulk of the story. There are so many bad books which must be criticized severely that it is refreshing to come across a book which may be freely praised; but it is difficult to see what more there is to say in praise of such a book as Mr. McCarthy has written than that it is complete, well-proportioned, temperate, and lively.

* *A History of Our Own Times; from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880.* By Justin McCarthy, M.P. Vols. III. and IV. London: Chatto & Windus. 1880.

Mr. McCarthy's third volume occupies the ground between the beginning of Lord Palmerston's Chinese war and the death of Lord Palmerston. It embraces as intermediate subjects the Indian Mutiny and the American Civil War, and in Continental matters the Italian war of 1859, the Polish insurrection, and the German war against Denmark. The story of the *Lorch Arrow* and of the war which grew out of its seizure is a subject in the treatment of which Mr. McCarthy is seen at his best. The whole thing was so absurd that a writer who has a fund of gentle ridicule at his command is sure to succeed in describing what happened. The Indian Mutiny is a much more difficult theme. The historian of our time has to tell a painful story, familiar in its outlines, but confused in its details; and, while he must dwell at length on events so numerous and important, he has to pin himself down so that what he says may be in proportion to the whole of an extensive work. Very much of the story is necessarily personal. There are tales of suffering, of heroism, of folly or wisdom, which must be told, and which are tales of the actions and fortunes of individual actors in a great drama. These tales light up the general narrative, and so far make it easier to write. But, if they enliven it, they also swell its volume, and it requires nice art to bring these individual actors into due prominence and yet to hold tight the reins of narrative. From the opening description of the Sepoy to the description of the new Government which replaced that of the Company—that is, from the first beginning to the last end of the Mutiny—there is matter which Mr. McCarthy gets into less than a hundred pages, and yet it would be hard to point out any incident that ought to have been noticed and is not noticed, any question of policy that is not adequately discussed, or any act of heroism or freak of passion which is not so introduced as to bring before the mind sufficient illustrations of the lives, the sufferings, and the conduct of Englishmen and Englishwomen in the dreadful time of trial. The fourth volume takes us from the death of Lord Palmerston to the opening of 1880, and deals with topics so varied as the Jamaica insurrection, Fenianism, the Reform Bill of Lord Beaconsfield, the startling measures of the Gladstone Government, and the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield. On each of these subjects there is so much to be said that the only difficulty is to know what to say and how to say it. That all his readers will agree with what Mr. McCarthy says on topics of such recent or present interest is impossible. Those, however, who disagree with him will admit that for literary purposes it is much better that a writer should say what he thinks than that he should be rapid and colourless; and few will fail to admire the skill with which Mr. McCarthy puts together what he wishes to say. No reader can omit to notice in what different directions Mr. McCarthy's skill is shown. The power of narration may be the same throughout, but it must be displayed in different forms. To tell the story of the Indian Mutiny is one thing, and to tell the story of the tentative measures, of the curious shiftings, of the odd devices by which Mr. Disraeli led Parliament up to his sweeping and revolutionary Reform Bill of 1867, is another thing; and, if Mr. McCarthy is equal to the former task, he is certainly equal in as high a degree to the latter. We are made to watch the changing scenes of Reform as if we were at a play. It would be useless and wearisome to go through all the topics with which Mr. McCarthy deals, and to attempt to describe how he deals with them. Those only can be noticed which show him at his best, and also show in what different ways he may be at his best; and if other examples equally good might be taken, it would perhaps not be easy to take three better examples than the story of the Chinese war, the story of the Indian Mutiny, and the story of the last Reform Bill.

Mr. McCarthy's fairness, his anxiety to be just while he is discriminating, and to maintain the respect due to great contemporaries while he is pointing the shafts of criticism or ridicule where he thinks they ought to light, are conspicuous throughout his work. Necessarily it is when he is personal, when he is speaking of the actors in the drama of our times, that this fairness is most tested. In the judgment of events or policies, the direction in which judgment leans often does not show the judge to be fair or unfair. It is quite fair in a critic to speak of the Afghan war either as an unwise departure from the safe policy of keeping within our own borders or as a wise precaution against the ambition of Russia. But when an historian judges the conduct and character of men, when he is giving a picture of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Beaconsfield, and still more when he is painting lesser men whose portraits may be more easily twisted because the reader does not know enough about them to supply at once the necessary corrective, the historian, if he is not penetrated with the spirit of fairness, may easily be led astray by prejudice, by the wish to be brilliant, and by the desire to say what he hopes no one else has said before him. It is one of the standing merits of Mr. McCarthy that his fairness never leaves him. The two portraits on which he has bestowed most pains, and in drawing which he has evidently taken the greatest pleasure, are those of Lord Palmerston and of Lord Beaconsfield. He is free in his criticism, and not sparing of ridicule in doing this piece of work. He lets his readers know how much he objects to Lord Palmerston's escapades in foreign policy, how poorly he thinks Lord Palmerston came out of such messes as the Polish and Danish complications, how unscrupulous Lord Palmerston seems to have been on many occasions in his treatment of men and his management of Parliament. But he places in full relief the other side of Palmerston—his ardent pride in his country, his frank amiability, his vast knowledge of men and

affairs. He laughs, with a hearty laugh which his readers feel to be contagious, at the wondrous oddities of Mr. Disraeli, at his oratorical flights—like that in which he described the banner of St. George as having been planted on the mountains of Rasselas—at the reproduction of the wrong edition of the Revolutionary Epic, at the strange stages in the process which Mr. Disraeli called educating his party. But he also takes care to bring to notice Mr. Disraeli's courageous advocacy of his race, his cordial readiness to welcome rising ability on either side of the House, his protest against wildness of revenge in dealing with the Indian Mutiny, his discreet silence during the American war. Lesser men have necessarily less space given them; but, in trying to hit off what ought to be said of them, Mr. McCarthy never lets bitterness or a love of depreciation get the mastery of him. Of the present Lord Derby, for example, he says:—

He proved to be methodical, sensible, conscientious, slow. He belonged to that class of men about whom Goethe said that, if they could only once commit some extravagance, we should have greater hopes of their future wisdom. He did not commit any extravagance; he remained careful, prudent, and slow.

Or again, in speaking of Mr. Lowe in 1866, after saying that some Conservatives were heard to declare that he was not only the greatest orator, but even the greatest statesman, of the day, Mr. McCarthy adds:—

In truth Mr. Lowe was neither orator nor statesman. He had some of the gifts which are needed to make a man an orator, but hardly any of those which make a man a statesman. He was a literary man and a scholar, who had a happy knack of saying bitter things in an epigrammatic way; he really hated the Reform Bill, towards which Mr. Disraeli probably felt no emotion whatever; and he started into prominence as an anti-Reformer just at the right moment to suit the Conservatives and embarrass and dismay the Liberal party.

There is nothing profound, new, or striking in these criticisms. They only put effectively and with terseness what would be the opinions of most men of any party as to two of the politicians in the second rank among the statesmen of the day. But, if they give us nothing more, they give us nothing less. The writer does not go out of his way to make a point where no point is to be fairly made. These criticisms do not illustrate the special ability of the writer, but they illustrate his fairness. If Mr. McCarthy were a dull writer, it would illustrate nothing to show that he kept here and there within the limits of moderation; but he is a clever and a lively writer, and it is samples of what may be termed his average performances that best show how he escapes the pitfalls into which clever and lively writers are apt to sink.

A writer who deserves to be called lively merits the epithet, not because he occasionally says lively things, but because the general texture of his writing is bright. Mr. McCarthy entertains us because he is entertaining. To say why or how he produces this effect is not easy; but there are some points in his manner of writing which are so striking that the reader must be aware that at least a portion of the pleasure he feels is due to them. In the first place, Mr. McCarthy is full of literature of all sorts, and is constantly drawing on his memory for illustrations. He is not very particular about the source from which he draws. The parallel strikes him, and he puts it down. He borrows his illustrations with equal readiness from the classics, the old dramatists, Scott, and Dickens. To give instances is in one way to be unjust to Mr. McCarthy; for half the merit of such illustrations depends on the mode in which they are brought in, whether they are so introduced as to seem natural or pedantic, real aids to the narrative or purple patches. For the most part the mode in which Mr. McCarthy introduces his illustrations is free from the reproach of literary artifice. But, although the real value of the illustrations depends greatly on the context, yet the introduction of these illustrations is so marked a feature in Mr. McCarthy's composition that it is difficult to speak of his style without giving some examples. He draws a picture of the unhappy son of Theodore pining away in the strange atmosphere of England, and dying at an early age; and he closes the paragraph by saying:—"There is little difficulty," says the grave leech in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, "in blighting a flower exhausted by having been made to bloom too soon." In depicting the attitude of the advanced Liberals to the Whigs in 1866 he says:—"Many Liberals began to speak with more or less of contempt of the Whigs. They talked of these shadows of a mighty name as Thackeray's Barnes Newcome talks of the senior members of his family, his uncle more particularly." When the Duke of Argyll, in his youthful impetuosity, attacked Lord Derby, we are told:—"The peers were as much astonished as the spectators round the tilt-yard in *Ivanhoe* when they saw the strange young knight strike with his lance-point the shield of the formidable Templar." When Mr. Gladstone was beaten on the Irish Education Bill, the great Minister had failed. "Like the hero in Schiller's ballad, the brave swimmer had plunged once too often into the flood to bring out a prize, and had perished." When Mr. Plimsoll had forced the hand of the Government by his burst of pathetic madness in the House, and Mr. Disraeli not only brought in a Bill to satisfy him, but seemed to take credit for having provoked so salutary if unconventional a demonstration, Mr. McCarthy adds, "Even if one does call them names," said Mrs. Gamp, indicating her treatment of her patients, "it's only done to rouse them." Then Mr. McCarthy is fond of bringing in a story or a *bon mot*, and good stories and *bons mots* are dear to readers. He gives, for example, the criticism of the sayer of good things who was asked by a French friend to explain who the compound householder was, and described him as the male of the *femme incomprise*. Occasionally, although rarely, Mr.

McCarthy sets himself to compose a deliberately epigrammatic phrase. Thus he says of Mr. Gathorne Hardy, "He was a powerful speaker of the rattling, declamatory kind; fluent as the sand in an hourglass is fluent, stirring as the roll of a drum is stirring; sometimes dry as the sand and empty as the drum." Lord Lyndhurst, devoting himself to the work of inflaming the public spirit of England against Louis Napoleon, is said to be "a graceful and acrid lawyer Demosthenes denouncing a Philippe of the Opéra Comique." Lord Brougham, consecrating his old age to Social Science, is described as "seeming oddly like some dethroned king who occupies his leisure in botanical studies, some once famous commander, long out of harness, who amuses himself with learning the flute." Perhaps none of these illustrations or epigrams is anything very wonderful in itself. None may deserve to be remembered apart from the context in which it appears. But they are numerous and successful enough to be noticed as giving one clue to the pleasure which Mr. McCarthy's History affords.

Mr. McCarthy concludes these volumes, as he concluded the former two, with a sketch of the literary stars of the period he is describing. We do not see that very short reviews of a number of books and criticisms on their writers form a necessary part of the history of the times, or add much to our knowledge or interest. What good, for instance, can it do any one to learn that "A word must be said of the delicate porcelain of Miss Thackeray's work in fiction—her tender, gentle, womanly stories; nor should we fail to record the fact that Mrs. Craik's *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was one of the literary successes of the day"? But we may take advantage of Mr. McCarthy's reference to his literary contemporaries to suggest where in the scale of merit he himself seems to us to deserve to be placed. What Mr. Trollope is among our novelists, Mr. McCarthy may perhaps be said to be among our historians. In both writers there is much the same facility, the same art of arrangement, the same power of analysing and presenting character, the same evenness of execution, the same power of sustaining interest. Both writers survey the life that is around them with the subtle scrutiny of an artist; but both remain always part of the world they are portraying. Mr. McCarthy has none of that power which genius alone bestows—the power of escaping from the position in which an author is placed, and regarding groups of persons and events now from the inside and now from the outside. He always lives and moves in the world of common sense. Perhaps it is only by a writer of such a cast of mind that a history of our own times can be satisfactorily written. Genius seems to require for historical purposes something of a shadowy past, in which imaginary characters can be freely created, where the impossibility of assigning indisputable motives permits any motives to be assigned, and where a brilliant philosophy can find the examples by which it is to teach, and decide on the teaching which the examples are to prove. It is hardly possible as yet to treat Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield as if they were Mary Stuart or Cromwell. Imagination may show us a history of our own times very different from that which Mr. McCarthy has given us, and altogether superior to it. But in real life what we have got is Mr. McCarthy's book, and while we do not see our way to getting anything else, we may be highly satisfied with what we have got.

THE REBECCA RIOTER.*

IN the story before us we have an interesting description of the famous Rebecca riots of nearly forty years ago. So little is commonly known of the history of the times which fall just without a man's own memory, that to many a reader, we may be sure, Miss Dillwyn's novel will open a new passage in the annals of our country. The writer of a tale does not, of course, either keep strictly to facts or aim at including everything that occurred. If Miss Dillwyn does not in her narrative ever wander far from that which really happened, nevertheless there are considerable omissions in her story. She wishes to describe the riots from the point of view of those who took part in them. Though she is, on the whole, very successful in this attempt, yet she does not make the best of her case. Her agitator, who goes about rousing the people in secret meetings, has somewhat too much of the ordinary type of the platform orator of large towns. He does not dwell enough on the undoubted and great grievances under which the people were suffering. We should be slow to believe that the frothy kind of talk of which Mr. O'Donnell is so perfect a master would have touched the simple-hearted Welshmen. We could believe that we are reading extracts from the speech of one of the silliest Home Rulers when we read of "flinging back every attempt of the English tyrant to grind her under his heel." For the most part Miss Dillwyn succeeds very well in making her style correspond with the position of the Welsh peasant who is supposed to tell the story; but apparently she could not resist altogether the temptation of being eloquent now and then on her own account, and so we find her make this same agitator ask the wild, untutored men around him, "Have we degenerated?" So big a word, accompanied as it is by one or two scarcely less big, would indeed have puzzled his hearers. How ignorant they were in the course of this same meeting shown in a way that has a considerable touch of humour about it—a humour that is heightened by the quaintness

of the Welshman's English. Ever since, by the way, we first made the acquaintance of Fluellen, we have had a liking for the dialect; and though the Captain and the Rioter do not always agree in their talk, yet we may say that their words "are all one reckoning, save the phrase is a little variations." The orator had been making an attack on the Queen and her Ministers, saying how they were "rolling in luxury and riches—eating and drinking at one meal what would keep a poor man's family in comfort for a month," and so on. He pointed out that, "if any one is fined, or put to prison, it is to please her, and her name is on every warrant that is issued." The poor Welshmen listen with humility to this lesson on the Monarchy and the Constitution:—

Tom Davies was sitting two off from me, and he whispered to me when Beynon stopped: "I was not know for sure what be the Queen, Evan; was you?"

"Well—no—not to be quite certain sure," answered I—also in a whisper. "But you can see for yourself what a wicked one she must be for to haveto do with such goings on."

Now some such talk as this was likely enough used by the Chartist agitators who came into South Wales after the riots had begun, and who tried to turn the violence which had hitherto been aimed only at the turnpike tolls against property in general. But at the beginning of the disorders there was little need of agitation from without. The people were suffering, as the Commissioners who were sent down to inquire into the state of affairs acknowledged, under great and undoubted grievances. The tolls that had to be paid on the by-roads were in many cases so heavy that they rendered it almost hopeless for the small farmers, who were already greatly distressed by a succession of bad harvests, to keep their heads above water. They burned their own lime for manure; but turnpikes were set up on the way to the lime-kilns. Thus a farmer had to pay one shilling for his load of stone, another for each load of coal that he took to the kiln for fuel, and a third for the lime when he brought it back to his fields. In their first destruction of the gates they had the feelings of the magistrates with them. The riot was successful, and the trustees did not attempt to set up these particular gates again. It is by no means wonderful that the peasantry thought that what had been successful in removing one grievance might just as well succeed in removing all the others. By means of a strange interpretation of a text of Scripture—such an interpretation, however, as is common enough even among professed theologians—they found a name for their leader and their party. They went to the Book of Genesis, and there they discovered the first mention of turnpike-gates and of those who were to seize them:—"And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her . . . Let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." Their leader they in each case called Rebecca, and dressed him in women's clothes, while they themselves were Rebecca's Daughters. Hundreds of gates, together with the toll-takers' houses, were burnt in 1842-43. On one occasion even the poor old woman who kept the gate was shot dead. The coroner's jury, themselves in fear of the violence of the mob, returned a verdict "that the deceased died from the effusion of blood into the chest, which occasioned suffocation. But from what cause is to this jury unknown." Before many months had passed corn-stacks were blazing, while Caermarket workhouse was half destroyed. Arrests were at last made, and a Special Commission was sent down to try the rioters. Much indulgence was shown by the judges, as it was felt that a great and undoubted grievance was at the root of the mischief. Another Commission investigated the hardships under which the people were suffering. In accordance with their Report, a Bill for the Consolidation of Turnpike Trusts in that part of the country was carried through Parliament, and henceforth there was peace in South Wales. At the cost of a serious destruction of property, and of a still more serious breach made in the habit of obedience to the law, the complaints of the people, which had been so long urged in vain, were at last listened to.

Miss Dillwyn, as we have said, tells the story of these riots in the words of one who was supposed to be concerned in them. Her hero is such a man as Barnaby Rudge might have been, if to his simplicity insanity had not been added. He wishes to do what is right, but he had had no one to show him what was right. There were in his young days no schools, and poor lads had no better teachers than the rough and ignorant people to whom they belonged. Something indeed he had learnt from a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring squire, whose life he had saved when—as is so common a case with heroines—it was endangered by a run-away horse. He does not, as might be at first supposed, in the end marry her. She is set so far above him that, though he worships her, it is in the same hopeless way as that in which a peasant might worship a princess. There is, indeed, no love-making in the story; at all events it is a story without a heroine. We fear that the author is somewhat rash in thus despising the aid of the god of love. However, if the reader will trust our judgment, as soon as the first shock of surprise has passed away, the absence of lovers is felt to be a very agreeable change. In all stories these young people were really becoming somewhat tedious, and were sadly wanting in originality. But to return to our hero without a heroine, Evan Williams. Just as his mind was beginning to open under Miss Gwenllian's teaching, it happened most unfortunately for him that she and her family went abroad, and were away for two or three years. All he wished to do was to please her; but, with her so far off, how was he to learn what would please her? He knew that he must do what was right, or she would be pained; but who in each case was to show him which was the right and which the

* *The Rebecca Riots: a Story of Killing Life.* By E. A. Dillwyn. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

wrong course? When the agitator came and made his speech, and when "every one in the room gave a sort of grunt, like there always is in chapel when the preacher is very moving," he had no manner of doubt as to where his duty lay. He joined with the rioters in the fullest persuasion that Miss Gwennlian would have approved of his so doing, and "proud and pleased" he was with himself as he went home after the first night's work. When violence leads to more violence, and in a fight with the police he shoots a man dead, he is not troubled in his mind any more than if he had been a soldier and had killed an enemy in a battle. He discovers, however, to his horror that it was the old Squire, the young lady's father, whom he had shot, and then he resolves to go to her at once, tell her that he had never known who it was at whom he had aimed, and ask her forgiveness. He is utterly careless about being arrested. He manages to get to her, but he altogether fails to make her understand what was his motive in coming; and he is carried off to prison, hearing her old aunt exclaiming in her favourite phrase, which she had often before used in his hearing, "As I always have said, and shall always say, no doubt Providence settles everything for the best." In his cell these words of hers ran in his head:—

Did Providence really settle everything? Certainly it was not I, nor yet any friend of mine, who settled things; for no single thing had happened that I had wished or intended. Perhaps that was because Providence settled them—just as Miss Elizabeth said—and if so, it was very evident that Providence was no friend to me. Providence! What did the word mean? And why should Providence have such a spite against me? Well! The only comfort was that when Providence had done its worst to me and I should be dead, then there would be an end of it all. It was quite clear that what Providence had settled for me, that I was to be misjudged and hated by Miss Gwennlian, and that I was to be hung; as Providence seemed to be stronger than me, there was no use my grumbling, and I had better think of something else.

But to think of anything else just then was quite out of my power; and I kept repeating the words again and again in a mazed way, and trying dully to understand them: No doubt Providence settles everything for the best. How could it be for the best that I should have shot Squire Tudor, and that Miss Gwennlian should hate me, and that I should be hanged? For whom was it the best? Certainly not for me, nor yet for the old Squire and his daughter. Was it for Providence, then, that it was for the best? Ah, perhaps that was it—for of course every one knew that Providence settles everything for the best!

Overcome either by the perplexity of these reflections or by the excitement which he had undergone, he falls into a brain fever. On his recovery he was tried, and sentenced, not to be hanged, but to be transported for life. He had, he says, a very clever lawyer; but in so clear a case, when he had owned himself guilty, we do not see what the cleverness of the lawyer could avail.

The story is a little spoilt by a piece of romance which the author no doubt added to it in the belief that it would make it somewhat more like the orthodox novel. If she could not provide her readers with love-making, at all events she could fall back upon a long-lost heir. Miss Gwennlian's only brother had been stolen when a baby. Some years later, when he was a lad of fourteen or fifteen, the hero had fallen in with him and taken him to his father's house, and the two youths had become bosom friends. It is a great pity that the author did not exclude this part of her story altogether. If she was bent on introducing it, the least she could do was to be consistent. She should have carried the romance through from the beginning to the end. A hero who first, at the great risk of his life, saves a heroine from death, and then rescues her long-lost brother, could never have ended by shooting her aged father. It should have been, not on his deathbed in one of our convict establishments, but in the old parish church with his bride and her bridesmaids, that we saw the last of him. However, we must be content with what Miss Dillwyn gives us, and thank her for a story of considerable power and interest.

STOUGHTON'S LIFE OF WILBERFORCE.*

DR. STOUGHTON'S little book is the first of a series of popular biographies which are to appear at intervals under the general title of *Men Worth Remembering*. The title may be thought to imply that these worthies are in danger of being forgotten; but as they are one and all, with the exception of Stephen Grellet, favourite heroes and saints of what Sydney Smith called "the Evangelical faction," and as their lives have been and are ever being told and retold over and over again in every English and American Evangelical serial, there is not the slightest likelihood of the suggested casualty. The series is evidently a sort of otherworldly imitation of the series of worldly biographies and criticisms edited by Mr. John Morley under the general title of *English Men of Letters*. The likeness between the two sets of books is outwardly exact—the cover, the size, and the type correspond; but of any internal likeness between the two there is no trace. Although bookbinders and printers may find it easy to emulate one another, no one will expect Dr. J. Stoughton's *Wilberforce* to rise to the level of Mr. John Morley's *Burke*, Dr. C. Stanford's *Doddridge* to equal Mr. J. C. Morison's *Gibbon*, or Dr. D. Fraser's *Chalmers* and Mr. E. Paxton Hood's *Robert Hall* to match with Professor Huxley's *Hume* and Professor Nichol's *Byron*. In addition to the worthies already named we are also promised biographies of Wycliffe, John Knox, Richard Baxter, Jonathan

Edwards, Fletcher of Madeley, Stephen Grellet, Harry Martyn, and William Carey. The grand titles of works already published by the intending biographers of some of these worthies do not act upon us magnetically. We are not convinced that Dr. William M. Taylor of New York is signally fitted to deal with so difficult a subject as the life of John Knox because he is the author of *Limitations of Life*; nor does the authorship of *The Young Man's Safeguard in the Perils of the Age*, *Blending Lights*, *Studies in Life*, *The Romance of Biography*, and *The Disciple whom Jesus Loved*, arouse our confidence in the literary, historical, and critical genius of the writers who have undertaken the lives of Grellet, Chalmers, Robert Hall, Carey, and Jonathan Edwards. Great as the fame of all these works may be within a limited and sectarian circle, not one of them is known outside that circle. The only name of any repute in the list is that of Dr. Stoughton. He is a man of much reading; he has compiled a long, respectable, moderately tolerant, but utterly uncritical *Ecclesiastical History of England* during the latter half of the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth; and he has contributed very largely to the *Tendenz-literatur* of the Independent denomination and of the Evangelical religious world. He has a facile manner, and is always readable; and, though we are bound to call him a compiler rather than a critic, we freely grant that his work shows evidence of painstaking and conscientiousness.

We conclude that Dr. Stoughton intended his book to be a critical estimate quite as much as a biography, because its arrangement is only partially chronological. He begins with a chapter on Wilberforce's "Early Days," and closes with one on his "Last Days"; in the intermediate chapters, which deal with Wilberforce as a politician, an abolitionist, a philanthropist, a religious man, an author, a kinsman, and a friend, the order of time is made subservient to the order of subject. We are not convinced by anything which we find in these chapters that there was the slightest need for rewriting the life of Wilberforce. With such plentiful matter as Dr. Stoughton had before him in the Life and the two subsequent volumes of Correspondence edited by Wilberforce's sons, in Mr. Harford's Recollections, and in Mr. J. C. Colquhoun's sketch of the philanthropist and his friends, the compilation of the present volume must have been very easy. Criticism worthy of the name is not to be expected from the writer; the occasional reflections, which Dr. Stoughton possibly supposes to be critical, are such as we should expect from a venerable, cultivated, and amiable Independent minister, who has evidently unlearned and cast off some of his traditional prejudices, but who as evidently retains many which he is not likely to unlearn. The temper of the book, except in a few places and upon one particular topic, is admirable; and its matter is usually trustworthy; but when we turn from its temper and matter to its form, we find that Dr. Stoughton lays much stress upon the adjective in the phrase "popular biography." A popular "biography" may mean one which is intended for the people—a *Volksschrift*; or it may mean one which is likely to please a specific class of book-buyers whom a publisher has in view. Dr. Stoughton's writing is "popular" in the latter sense rather than in the former. He seems to have aimed at the production of a "picturesque" book, and has paid much attention to the scenery, background, and accessories of his subjects. He is a great—or perhaps we ought to say a wide—expiator. Monmouth reminds him of Macedon. Wilberforce's birth at Hull reminds him that Andrew Marvell was born at Hull, and the parallel which is thus started between these two utterly unlike men recurs to him at intervals during his relation of Wilberforce's life. Wilberforce went to the Grammar School at Hull—"a venerable institution, whose Elizabethan architecture still adorns the town"—as a pupil. Andrew Marvell went to the same Grammar School, more than a century earlier, as a head-master, and "drilled his own son in the rudiments of Latin." Wilberforce was sent to St. John's College, Cambridge; Marvell had been sent to Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Stoughton might have added that as Wilberforce went to France while he was a young man, in like manner Andrew Marvell went to France while he was a young man. Wilberforce, soon after he came of age, was elected member of Parliament for Hull. "In this respect," solemnly expatiates Dr. Stoughton, "we find our young friend walking in the steps of the seventeenth-century patriot." The patronizing expression "our young friend" is out of place in literature; it smacks of a Sunday-school address or of a goody-goody lecture on Wilberforce illustrated by the magic lantern. Two years after Wilberforce entered the school at Hull his father died, and the boy was removed to the house of his uncle at Wimbledon. This removal provides the popular biographer with a fresh starting-point for his expatiations. Closing his dictionary of geography at the word "Hull," he re-opens it at the word "Wimbledon." He not only calls upon us to observe the Roman barrows, the scene of so many duels, and the modern volunteer encampment; but he takes us to the parish church to see the monuments, one of which supplies him with a characteristic piece of conjectural biography. "If," expatiates he, "the family sometimes went to Wimbledon Church, whose chancel goes back to the time of Edward IV., the observant lad would scarcely fail to notice the black marble altar tomb of Sir Edward Cecil, who served King James and King Charles in foreign wars; 'and after so many travels,' as the epitaph touchingly expresses it, 'returned to this patient and humble mother-earth from whence he came, with assured hope in his Saviour Christ to rise again to glory everlasting.'" Dr. Stoughton tells us that "there was a good sermon for young William in these quaint and beautiful words" on Lord Wimbledon's tomb. He only gives a portion of the

* *William Wilberforce*. By John Stoughton, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1880.

very long inscription. It did not become the instrument of "young William's" conversion, which the writer attributes to the study of the famous *Rise and Progress of Religion*, by Dr. Doddridge the Independent, of whom Dr. Stoughton has also, if we mistake not, compiled a popular biography.

Another of Dr. Stoughton's expatiations has a grain of probability in it. Mrs. William Wilberforce, the boy's aunt, he tells us, "was a lady who had come under the power of the Whitefield movement, which had wonderfully revived Evangelical religion in this country." We do not exactly know what he means by the Whitefield movement. He may mean Whitefield's quarrel with Wesley; or the Calvinism of the former in contradistinction to the more liberal and catholic Arminianism of the latter; or he may mean the wonderful effects of Whitefield's preaching. But neither the one nor the other has any title to be called the only, or even the chief, element in "the revival of Evangelical religion." Wilberforce was sent to Wimbledon in 1768; Whitefield died in 1770, two years later. Hereupon Dr. Stoughton inserts the conjecture, "Therefore it is probable, whilst William was living under her roof, this aunt sometimes drove over to Tottenham Court Road or the Tabernacle to hear the celebrated preacher." His mother prudently removed him from his uncle's house; Wilberforce himself said in later life that if he had stayed there he "should probably have been a despised, bigoted Methodist." Dr. Stoughton is puzzled by the second of these adjectives, and conjectures that "this aunt of his was disposed to strict Sectarianism," and that Wilberforce's expression "must have been pointed at; his aunt's ecclesiastical exclusiveness." There was no doubt a sectarian tendency in Methodism in the years 1768-70; but the Methodists were not at that time formal sectarians. But it may surprise Dr. Stoughton to learn that for the greater part of the time which Wilberforce spent at Wimbledon in his uncle's house, his aunt would not have found Whitefield at Tottenham Court Road or the Tabernacle. The famous preacher was in America, where he died in September 1770.

The chapter on Wilberforce's activity and attitude as a politician is better than that on his "Anti-Slavery Crusade." In the latter Dr. Stoughton has been justly anxious to do full honour to Thomas Clarkson; but we wonder that a writer so fond of parallels should have omitted the name of David Hartley, and the similarities betwixt him and Wilberforce. Hartley was a remarkable man, though the English dictionaries of biography take no notice of him. He was the son of the once-renowned "philosopher" of the same name. He was born in 1729, and so was thirty years the senior of Wilberforce. Like the latter, he represented Hull in the House of Commons. He was a frequent speaker, as the *Parliamentary History* shows. He opposed the war with the American Colonies, and was afterwards one of the plenipotentiaries appointed to treat with Dr. Franklin at Paris. The distinction belongs to him of being the first English legislator who moved for the abolition of the African slave-trade, "as a violation of the Laws of God and the Rights of Man." Hartley had another remarkable point in common with the later and more famous member for Hull in the singular sweetness of his voice. A contemporary said of him, "He was peculiarly distinguished above all others in the brilliant melody of his tones." Dr. Stoughton might have expatiated on the fact that, although Hartley did not resemble Wilberforce by living at Wimbledon, yet he lived at Putney, which is the next parish. Hartley was a zealous student of physical science, and a practical mechanician. His invention for extinguishing fires, which he tried upon his own house at Putney, made some stir at the time.

The chapter headed "Authorship" is almost wholly occupied with gossip about Wilberforce's *Practical View*. That once renowned book owed its wonderful success rather to the political eminence and social standing of its writer than to its contents. "Coming from such a man," wrote Thomas Scott, shortly after its first appearance, "it will probably be read by many thousands who can by no means be brought to attend to our preaching or our writings. I do sincerely think," he adds, "that such a bold stand for vital Christianity has not been made in my memory. He has come out beyond all my expectations. He testifies of the noble, and amiable, and honourable, that their works are evil; and he proves his testimony beyond all denial." Dr. Stoughton prepares the reader for what he has to say concerning Wilberforce's book by introducing a loose expatiation about early "Evangelical" literature. After telling us that "Robert Nelson published works pervaded by the tone of thought prevalent in the Anglo-Catholic school," he adds that "William Law's *Serious Call* was stamped with a different character." He could hardly have made a more egregious mistake. He has probably read that Law's latter works were mystical, and he has incontinently attributed the same character to his earlier writings, which, to say the least, were quite as "Anglo-Catholic" as the mild writings of Robert Nelson. Dr. Stoughton is right in speaking of Hannah More as the literary forerunner of Wilberforce. Her *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society* was published in 1788, and her *Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World* in 1791; both had run through many editions before the appearance of Wilberforce's book in 1797. Dr. Stoughton has omitted to notice that Cowper originally supposed the former of Hannah More's books to have been written by Wilberforce. "Mr. Wilberforce's little book," he wrote to Lady Hesketh, "if he was the author of it, has charmed me. It must, I should imagine, engage the notice of those to whom it is addressed." A few days later he told the Rev. W. Bagot that the little book called *The*

Manners of the Great "is said to have been written by Mr. Wilberforce; but, whether actually written by him or not, is undoubtedly the work of some man intimately acquainted with the subject, a gentleman and a man of letters."

Dr. Stoughton, as an Independent minister, naturally dwells at some length upon the once vexed question of Wilberforce's friendly relations with Dissenters. He adopts the absurdly unhistorical modern term, and calls them "Nonconformists." Wilberforce never fell into this error, for the title Nonconformist was rarely attributed to any and every sect of Separatists or Dissenters before the "Bicentenary" movement of 1862. Hence we find the biographer and the subject of his biography often disagreeing in their nomenclature in the very same page. Dr. Stoughton talks of "the Nonconformist bodies"; Wilberforce, as quoted by Stoughton, always speaks and writes of "the Dissenters and Methodists." Wilberforce was as unlikely to confound the two as he was to imagine that either the one or other were "Evangelical Nonconformists," as Dr. Stoughton calls them. The biographer, in his account of Wilberforce's interest in Indian missions and in the Bible Society, indirectly calls upon us to notice how superior the Dissenters and Methodists of that time were to the Churchmen of that and of later times. Reginald Heber "as a Churchman was prejudiced against Wilberforce's comprehensive fellowship and sympathies." Wilberforce's sons "had no sympathy with their venerable parent in the catholicity of temper which he manifested." Dr. Stoughton dwells at length upon each "eminent Nonconformist minister"—Robert Hall, Jay of Bath, Dr. Leifchild, Andrew Fuller, and Dr. Coke—who had any intercourse with Wilberforce. He even tells us that Dr. Coke, whom he calls "the good man," "had a great wish to be consecrated as a colonial bishop"; but he does not cite any extracts from that impudent begging letter, which has been called the most egotistical letter ever written, wherein this great Wesleyan light offered to renounce Wesleyanism and submit to the Bishops if Wilberforce would procure his consecration as Bishop for India. Carey and Thomas, the Baptist missionaries to India, were brave and heroic men; but when we read the extraordinary extracts which Sydney Smith once reprinted from the journals kept by them during their apostolical travels, we can hardly think that they were more "catholic" or more "liberal" than Bishop Wilberforce or Bishop Heber. For instance:—"1794. Jan. 26. *Lord's Day*. Found much pleasure in reading Edwards's Sermon on the Justice of God in the Damnation of Sinners." Again:—"April 6. Had some sweetness to-day, especially in reading Edwards's sermon." Both Carey and Edwards are to follow Wilberforce in the series of *Men worth Remembering*. It is very hard for us to conceive that Charles of Bala, the idol of the Bible Society platform, excelled such a man as Heber in being more "liberal," "catholic," "tolerant," or less "exclusive." We find in Morgan's *Life and Labours of the Rev. T. Charles* that about two months before the Wakes he told the teachers in his Sunday-school "to get the children to search the Bible for texts which prohibit directly or indirectly such evil practices as dancing, drunkenness, fornication, &c." When the feast-day came, "Mr. C. began to ask them questions on the points given them to learn. 'Is Dancing, my dear children, a sin?' 'Yes,' said one emphatically, 'it was owing to Dancing that the head of John the Baptist was cut off.' In this way he proceeded with them as to the other sins." The poor harper who had come to play at the feast had to go home with an empty purse and empty stomach; or, as Mr. Morgan puts it in his hagiology, Charles of Bala had "deprived him of the hire of his iniquity." A man who has written an ecclesiastical history of England ought to know that Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, was not "the metropolitan bishop"; an Evangelical historian ought to call the author of *Theron and Aspasio* Hervey, and not Harvey; and the student of the topography of Hull and Wimbledon ought not to have placed Avignon upon the Rhine.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

DR. NORBURY very frankly admits in his preface that books on South Africa have fallen upon us lately "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," and he proceeds to add that his excuse for publishing is the familiar "request of numerous friends." But in his case there were exceptional inducements to yield to the prayer, for the friends were his brother officers of the Naval Brigade, with whom he had taken the field both in the country of the Transkei and in Zululand. As he modestly puts it, they were aware that he had kept a regular journal, and probably they had faith in his capacity as a chronicler. At all events Dr. Norbury has written a good book, and we trust it may have the success it merits. But it is undeniable that most readers have had enough of South Africa, though possibly their interest may have been revived by the new war with the Basutos. The chief fault we have to find with Dr. Norbury is that, writing with the knowledge that he had been in a great degree forestalled, he appears at the same time to have ignored the fact. His chapters on the "Kaffir Tribes" and the "Kaffir Country" are excellent in themselves, and, though slight and superficial, are almost exhaustive within their limits. For this very reason, however, they tell us necessarily much that we have heard before, although here and there we have our interest excited

* *The Naval Brigade in South Africa during the Years 1877-78-79.* By Fleet Surgeon Henry F. Norbury, C.B.R.N. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1880.

by some startling piece of intelligence as to Kaffir customs. We hear, for instance, of atrocities in funeral rites which would be appropriate enough to the "customs" of Ashantee or Dahomey, or to Zululand under a Dingaan or a Chaka—such as the slaughter of several leading men that they may attend the soul of their chief to the spirit-land—but which we had not suspected to be of everyday occurrence among the milder-mannered Kaffir tribes in the south. Nevertheless we see every reason to believe that Dr. Norbury's information is trustworthy, since he is evidently not only a man of observation himself, but lived in familiar intercourse with missionaries who were old residents in this country. There seems to be sound state policy in the practice of giving those headmen a lively interest in preserving the life of the chief. At the same time even his favours are sometimes oppressive, and our author relates a customary measure of finance which must strike every one save the victim from the humorous point of view. Owing to the institution of polygamy, daughters are sure to be plentiful in the princely kraal; and when a chief desires to levy a forced "benevolence" on a wealthy subject, he does him the honour of sending him a daughter for wife. The recipient of the high-born lady is understood to acknowledge the courtesy by remitting so many head of cattle in return; so that young women who would otherwise be "eating off their heads" are bartered for the stock that represents a Kaffir chief's civil list. The popular superstitions, too, not only lead to a great amount of bloodshed, from the general belief in witchcraft, and the sanguinary executions which are its consequence, but they may be the cause of grave domestic inconveniences. The Kaffirs hold the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and pay the spirits of their relatives the doubtful compliment of believing that they have a special affinity for snakes and serpents. So, when some venomous reptile takes up its quarters with a family, in place of killing it they abandon the hut to its use. Dr. Norbury tells a story of a missionary who came near to paying with his life for the delicate consideration of his flock. While officiating at the communion-table, he fancied he heard a hissing sound. Bringing the service prematurely to a close, he peeped below the cloth, where he saw one of the most poisonous snakes in South Africa. His friendly parishioners had had their eyes upon it all the time, but had declined to say anything from motives of delicacy. They thought that the snake must be a relative of their clergyman, and would not interfere in a family affair.

There is of course very little that is new in Dr. Norbury's account of the war with the Gaikas and Galekas. But in that, as in the story of the subsequent campaigning beyond the Tugela, he confirms all we have learned from other sources as to the value of the services of the Naval Brigade. When the native levies were seldom to be depended upon without a strong backbone of Europeans, and when some of Her Majesty's English regiments were said to be largely recruited from immature lads, it was much to have a corps of sturdy men who might be thoroughly trusted for any contingency. Except within the unwholesome *enceinte* of the fort at Ekowe, the sailors generally kept their health; they were always cheerful, they were handy in the management of their guns, and their marching powers did them infinite credit. We are familiar by this time with the story of the game at hide-and-seek which our troops had to play with the insurgent tribes. Though the forests and broken ground which they occupied as their natural fortresses were of limited extent, it was comparatively easy for the skulking natives to elude the arrangements of their enemies for circumventing them. They had spies everywhere, and allies in unexpected quarters. Dr. Norbury attributes the prolongation of the war to two causes in particular—viz. "the complete freedom which we permitted the enemy's women to enjoy, and the liberty which we accorded to the so-called loyal Kaffirs." The women conveyed not only information, but provisions. There could be no reasonable doubt that they were victimising the fighting men; for when they were driving a brisk trade in the bundles of fagots they brought into camp they refused to accept anything but food in exchange. Our author suggests that at the beginning of a native war all the women should be compelled to assemble, and be kept safely together under a strong guard. The plan, no doubt, would be effective if practicable; but we may question whether it would be possible to enforce it under the proposed penalty—"on pain of death"; and he confesses that putting restraint on the "loyal" Kaffirs is matter of even greater difficulty, though undoubtedly the facility with which passes were granted was grossly abused. A native had only to assert his loyalty to have himself inserted on the register, and had only to surrender some old weapon in order to receive a document in exchange which left him absolute master of his movements; and the number of passes found on the bodies of enemies on the battlefields showed how generally the system was abused. Dr. Norbury bestows great praise on the soldierlike qualities of the Fingoes as skirmishers, and adds that their most zealous exertions may be assured so long as there are cattle to reward them in the way of booty. On the other hand, considering that greed is perhaps the dominating passion of all these savages, the staunch loyalty of the Galekas to their chief seems very admirable. It was known that Krela was hidden somewhere in the Quora Bush; 1,000*l.* was set upon his head; the Fingoes were out daily spying and reconnoitring, and still nobody came to claim the reward. Yet Krela had several followers with him, and his subjects brought regular supplies of food to the parts of the bush where he was known to have his lurking-place.

Dr. Norbury gives no uncertain evidence as to the feelings of the colonists with regard to the Zulu war. Almost to a man they held that Sir Bartle Frere had behaved with equal spirit and sagacity in relieving them from a situation that was becoming daily more critical. They believed, with some more impartial observers in England, that it was by no means merely to play at soldiering that Cetewayo had marshalled and drilled his hordes of warlike barbarians. "They knew that any day the least word from the king would slip the leash, and that forty thousand eager savages, whose pride and profession were bloodshed, would pour into Natal and butcher men, woman, and child. There was only a river to keep them slightly in check." They dreaded a general rising of the natives in Natal in sympathy with a Zulu invasion. And some of the settlers on the frontier had heavy stakes depending on the policy the Government might pursue. Dr. Norbury visited one border farm that had been reclaimed by a man who had emigrated from England twenty-five years before, and apparently without capital. He had received a free grant of 600 acres. When he married, his wife brought him as much more by way of dowry; the rest he had gradually purchased out of his savings at 4*s.* per acre. When Dr. Norbury was shown over the place, the farmer and his sons were growing arrowroot, coffee, and indigo. They had created ranges of substantial outbuildings down to blacksmiths' forges for repairing their machinery; and they were selling their arrowroot at 40*l.* per ton, and their indigo at 8*s.* per pound, which we should say were sufficiently remunerative prices. Dr. Norbury formed a favourable impression of another adventurer, who has risen to wealth and consequence in a somewhat different way. At the meeting of the British Commissioners with the Zulu envoys he saw Mr. John Dunn for the first time—"a sunburnt, good-looking man, evidently in the prime of life, and a long residence among the Zulus has in no way detracted from his gentlemanly demeanour." Subsequently he gives a picturesque account of the exodus of Dunn and his tribe across the Tugela after the proclamation of war. On one day 2,500 cattle and about 1,000 people crossed the stream. When all had come over, the men swimming the swift current with their oxen, the encampment broke up, and the emigrants started on their march for the southward:—

The procession reminded me strongly of the biblical pictures of Abraham and the old patriarchs. There was Mr. Dunn with his wives and concubines, his wild-looking men armed with spears, driving forward the flocks and herds—his women and children, many hundreds in number, carrying their seats and cooking utensils on their heads, and the mothers with their little ones at their backs—a pastoral people migrating from one district to another.

We have already referred to Dr. Norbury's report of the sanitary defects of the fort at Ekowe. The choice of the site had been dictated by military considerations; in other respects it could scarcely have been more unfortunate. It appears that the soil consisted of a layer of black loam two feet deep, formed by the long accumulations of rotted vegetation; beneath was a thin stratum of sand likewise impregnated with organic matter; while beneath both, and preventing the subdrainage of impurities, was a bed of clay saturated with water. It was then the height of the rainy season; the surface was soaked, and under the burning sun there was a constant and malarious exhalation. The men lived and slept, closely packed together, under the low wagon tarpaulins which prevented all ventilation; they were overworked besides, and on short rations. No wonder that they began to sicken and die, and, unfortunately, the stores of drugs were expended. Dr. Norbury did his best with some cases of horse medicine, supplemented by the bark of the water-boom tree, which he found to have powerfully astringent properties. Had the relatives of the beleaguered force known all the circumstances of the situation, their anxieties must have been very seriously aggravated; and though Dr. Norbury says little about his own services, we cannot doubt that he has strong claims on the gratitude of many of the people who may read his book.

SPORT AND PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.*

WHERE is a man to turn to who longs for wild natural sport in countries and streams contaminated neither by the "London brewer," the miner, the manufacturer, the preserver, nor the poacher? The world seems almost exhausted, and civilization has crept in everywhere with its pollutions, its snobs, and its Winchester rifles. Our old friend Hawkeye, in Cooper's novels, used to wander west when a plough was to be seen within fifty miles, or the smoke of a settler's cottage could be observed from the top of a high hill. The sight of a fence was poison to him, as to the Red Indians—a class of sportsmen who are dying as rapidly as their wapiti of the disease called civilization. Mr. Williamson, the author of the large and luxurious volume on *Sport in the Rocky Mountains* which lies before us, seems to be, as it were, the last of the Mohicans, the last European who has enjoyed, or is likely to enjoy, the shooting of big game in Northern America, under natural conditions. Mr. Williamson's Highland lease expired in 1878. He says he was "somewhat tired of stalking stags, of which not one head out of ten was worth taking home." He was also weary of Scotch mists and Scotch midges. Perhaps other sentiments unavowed aided his resolve to seek fresh woods and a new kind of game. Deer-stalking in the Highlands seems to

* *Sport and Photography in the Rocky Mountains.* By A. Williamson. Edinburgh: D. Douglas. 1880.

us, and perhaps to Mr. Williamson, an uncommonly artificial sport. You know, or the "stalker" knows, pretty well how many head there are on the forest. You have your fixed number of killing days, just as if you were a butcher, or a farmer who slays his own pigs. It is a settled thing that so many stags, and no more, are to be shot in the course of the season. Each guest has his allotted number, or, at least, his chance at them. Again, the limitations imposed by the "marches" conflict with the freedom which is of the essence of sport on the grand scale. In the Rocky Mountains Mr. Williamson could follow his grizzly bear or his wapiti as far as he liked. He was never brought up short by a wire fence or a "march." To be sure, the local Red Indians have a theory that the game belongs to them, and, if they can surround a small party of white hunters, they sometimes exact a fine of fifteen dollars for each head. But Mr. Williamson just escaped meeting a large band of Indians when they were drunk and "on the short"; so nothing but the casual discomforts of camp life interfered with his thorough enjoyment of sport in Colorado.

We shall presently give a sketch of Mr. Williamson's triumphs over wapiti and grizzlies, count the points and criticize the heads. But first let the eager sportsman who burns to follow on our author's track, be warned, and note that he is too late. It was on the Eagle River that Mr. Williamson came across the disgusting "sign" of our civilized, enterprising, commercial, and industrial century. The river was delightfully unsophisticated, as clear and full of fish as that commemorated by St. Basil:—

It was simply the very perfection of a trout stream. Its waters, clear as crystal, were at this season confined to the middle of the channel, where from grand banks the angler could, free from trees, fish its swirling pools and broad stretches of water; and then its trout—what unsophisticated speckled beauties they were, running from a half to three pounds, and how greedily and fearlessly they took! . . . Here one fly was as good as another. With only a red palmer I killed in a couple of hours as many as I could comfortably carry.

But there were serpents in this Eden:—

As I crossed a sand-bank one evening I was startled by seeing the fresh print of an American boot. At last the Eagle had been found out; the ever-advancing wave of white settlers had reached its banks. Already the pot-hunter was at work in its pools, and "placer" mining would soon do the rest, converting its pure waters into a stream of liquid mud.

Twelve months before some men had hit on a lode of silver, and in eight months Leadville sprang into being, a city with 30,000 inhabitants, waterwork companies, hotels, schools, churches, three daily newspapers, and all the rest of it. Thus "the poor child of nature," as Mr. Matthew Arnold pathetically says, is hunted from place to place by the children of Mammon. Obermann himself would now find hotels, English schoolmasters, guides, and lawn tennis, in the loveliest scenes where he wandered and mandered. It is more to the purpose that the Leadville roughs, bad stalkers, of course, fire into the brown of the wapiti herds with repeating rifles, and kill indiscriminately stags out of season, fawns, and hinds. Englishmen, who should know better, behave worse. "They simply go to the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of killing all they can, irrespective of age or sex, and then come home, and boast in the columns of the *Field* of the great bags they have made." American sportsmen justly resent this, and speak of asking the Legislature to exclude us as poachers. But meanwhile the deer are perishing, as the buffaloes have perished. Either there must be game laws, preserving, and all other artificial restrictions on sport, or American and English snobs will destroy the game altogether. Do they not drive the deer into corries in Scotland, and fire into the huddled herds at the end of the season? The love of swagger and of publishing a big bag is so strong that we gladly publish the protest of Mr. Williamson:—

Our kind and hospitable cousins are still prepared, as they ever and over again assured me, to accord a hearty welcome to those of our countrymen who are content to shoot only such animals as they can in some way utilize; but it is to be supposed they can with equanimity read such an account as lately appeared in the columns of the *Field*, of 400 head of big game slain in four months by one Englishman, of the numbers he must necessarily have left to rot uselessly on the mountains, and the wounded which escaped to die a painful and lingering death?

The spirit of 'Arry has infected English sport. Though we cannot absolve some Americans of similar crimes committed in Scotland, we trust that their Legislature will in future prevent the murderous slaughter of our swaggerers, and of their own pot-hunters. Mr. Williamson's own record he states thus:—

My bag of big game comprised but thirty-two head, all told. . . . If small, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing . . . that during the whole trip I never shot a stag whose head I did not bring home as a trophy; never fired at a hind; that we only killed such black-tail as we really needed, and that, save in the case of the grizzly bear, we never lost a wounded animal.

Mr. Williamson's outfit "on this side" was not extravagantly heavy. A 500 Express rifle, ammunition, and the ordinary dress of a stalker in the Highlands were all he required. He occasionally stalked in lawn-tennis shoes, which make little noise as you walk. He found a fowling-piece a superfluity, and learned that the explosive bullets which kill a stag in the Highlands with great certainty are found to cause comparatively little inconvenience to a grizzly bear. By an ingenious method of packing Mr. Williamson carried his photographic apparatus undamaged, though donkeys laden with chemicals occasionally rolled down hill with their fragile burden. A donkey train, ponies, a guide, and several servants accompanied the sportsman. The hunting-ground was Piney Range and the mountains in the direction of the hill of the Holy Cross. As the deer are stalked just on the "timber-line" the hunters lived at a healthy altitude of from 11,000 to 12,000

feet. The stags are not free from velvet till the end of August, and the rutting season begins about the middle of September. This limits what we consider absolutely legitimate sport to little more than a fortnight. Mr. Williamson, however, shot some stags in the season when they fill the woods with the noise of their jostling horns in warlike encounter, and with a prolonged shrill whistling cry, unlike the roar of the amorous Highland deer. By the way, Mr. Williamson has solved that vexed question, What becomes of the cast horns of the red deer in Scotland? In the Lews he has seen hinds chewing the stags' antlers. The deer eat their own old horns.

We cannot follow all Mr. Williamson's stalks through a country so beautiful, crowned with snow-peaks, seamed with trout-streams which the beavers dam, rich with flowers and fruits, and free from snakes and insects, that it is justly called "the sportsman's paradise." His first stag, "as big and heavy as a sixteen-hands horse," he killed, after vainly trying to make up his mind to shoot a hind. The stag joined the hinds, and his arrival saved Mr. Williamson from the stain of an unchivalrous act. He found that a shot in the shoulder will not settle a wapiti stag, who needs a bullet in the heart. The head bore thirteen points, the antlers measured fifty-three and fifty-one inches, with a span of forty-two inches. The next head had fourteen perfect tines, and Mr. Williamson publishes a photograph of this splendid trophy. To all but enthusiasts stalking "shop" is even as golf "shop" or whist "shop." To enthusiasts we may recommend Mr. Williamson's spirited descriptions of the almost Indian skill of his guide, who followed a wounded stag for many miles by such small "signs" as a bruised twig or a drop of blood on the grass. Mr. Williamson had the luck to come on a monstrous stag which his guide had observed in the previous year. Now, monstrous stags, like monstrous trout and salmon, generally escape, and, for all we know, attain the age and size of the stag of Redynvre, and the salmon of Llyn Llyw. "The stag said, when I first came hither, there was a plain all around me, without any trees save one oak sapling, which grew up to be an oak with a hundred branches. And that oak has since perished, so that nothing remains of it but the withered stump." As for the salmon of Llyn Llyw, who had fifty salmon spears in his back, he carried Kai and Gwrhyr on his shoulders, and the tale of him is told in the story of the Twrch Trwyth. Such, and so great are the deer we miss, and the salmon that break us, and get away. But Mr. Williamson slew the great stag of the Rocky Mountains, and his antlers were inches fifty-six and fifty-nine, and their points were sixteen. To have shot this stag, and followed a grizzly trail till he faced, and slew "the coming curse," as Mr. Swinburne calls the Caledonian boar, is not to have lived or travelled to Colorado in vain. Mr. Williamson's photographs of stag, mountain sheep (*moniflans*?), dead grizzlies, and scenery at large, are worthy of a book that should be a favourite in every shooting lodge from the Lews to Braemar.

THE TRUMPET-MAJOR.*

MR. HARDY in his latest novel has produced perhaps a finer study of character in a certain sense than he has before given to his readers. His hero, John Loveday, who gives the book its name, is a man who compels admiration and sympathy, and whose simple and noble nature is set before us in the most direct and simple way, revealing itself by actions which seem to him nothing out of the way, and which are left by the writer to speak for themselves without any attempt at what is called subtle moralizing, and frequently is merely pretentious verbiage. This central character is surrounded by others, drawn for the most part with the truth and insight which have raised Mr. Hardy to the high place he occupies among novelists of our time. There is less in this book of the countrymen's talk which has been so attractive a feature in some other of the writer's works; but there is also less of the quaint phrasing, turns of thought, and unexpected similes which sometimes tended to degenerate into affectation. One of the few instances of this tendency to be found in the present work may serve to illustrate our meaning. Describing Miller Loveday's face Mr. Hardy writes that "it was capable of immense changes of expression; mobility was its essence—a roll of flesh forming a buttress to his nose on each side, and a deep ravine lying between his lower lip and the tumulus represented by his chin. These fleshy lumps moved stealthily, as if of their own accord, whenever his fancy was tickled." The overcharged and unpleasant grotesqueness of this is in curious contrast to the straightforwardness of the writer's best manner. Buttresses, a deep ravine, and a tumulus convey no real notion of any human face, and would seem out of place even if applied to such images as Gog and Magog. The miller becomes a living and pleasing character enough as we go through the book; but he is handicapped at first by a description artistically false and far from attractive in itself. To a less degree the same fault is to be observed in the description of Derriman, the miser, of whom we are told that "the edge of his skull round his eye-sockets was visible through the skin, and he had a mouth whose corners made towards the back of his head on the slightest provocation." There is surely no need for the somewhat ghastly detail about the eye-sockets, and a writer of Mr. Hardy's power should learn to avoid mannerisms which cer-

* *The Trumpet-Major*. A Tale. By Thomas Hardy. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1880.

tainly add no strength to his work. The method which is of the highest value in Mr. Hardy's descriptions of nature, and of such stirring and lively scenes as the striking of the camp at Overcombe, fails when it is applied as it is in the first description to which we have referred. Such faults as these are far outweighed by the merits of the book, but it would not be well in the case of a novelist of exceptional strength to leave them unnoticed.

The first chapter of the *Trumpet-Major*—the date of which belongs to "the days of high-waisted and muslin-gowned women, when the vast amount of soldiering going on in the country was a cause of much trembling to the sex"—introduces us to two ladies of limited means, living in a village near the Wessex coast. "The elder was Mrs. Martha Garland, a landscape-painter's widow, and the other was her only daughter Anne." They inhabit a part of an old building which from being a manor-house has become converted into a mill, kept by Miller Loveday, already spoken of, with whom they are on excellent terms. The miller has indeed a decided, if bashfully latent, admiration for the widow. The quiet of the village life is pleasantly interrupted at the time of the story's opening by the establishment hard by of a camp, which excites much curiosity and admiration. What manner of woman Mrs. Garland was is indicated by her behaviour under the influence of this agitation:—

Mrs. Garland was of a festive and sanguine turn of mind, a woman soon set up and soon set down, and the coming of the regiments quite excited her. She thought there was reason for putting on her best cap, thought that perhaps there was not; that she would hurry on the dinner and go out in the afternoon; then that she would, after all, do nothing unusual, nor show any silly excitements whatever, since they were unbecoming in a mother and a widow. Thus circumscribing her intentions till she was toned down to an ordinary person of forty, Mrs. Garland accompanied her daughter downstairs to dine, saying, "Presently we will call on Miller Loveday, and hear what he thinks of it all."

Miller Loveday, however, "the representative of an ancient family of corn-grinders whose history is lost in the mists of antiquity," forestalls this intention by paying a visit himself to his tenants, in the course of which he observes:—"You have been looking out, like the rest of us, no doubt, Mrs. Garland, at the mampus of soldiers that have come upon the down?" and he goes on to say, "Well, one of the horse regiments is the—th Dragoons, my son John's regiment, you know." The conversation further brings out the fact that the miller has another son, Bob, a sailor, who, at the termination of his present voyage, is to settle down on shore and help his father as grinder at the mill. Finally, the miller invites the widow and her daughter to join a little supper-party which he is about to give in honour of his son the Trumpet-Major's reappearance in his native place. The description in a subsequent chapter of Mrs. Garland and Anne each making objections to joining this party, while each is secretly longing to go, is in the writer's best vein. The incidents of the party itself, which the two women finally join, are full of character and liveliness, and the experienced novel-reader may draw his own conclusions from Anne's blushing and being embarrassed when a deaf supernumerary corporal reminds her, in the loud voice peculiar to deaf people, of the days when "young Bob Loveday used to lie in wait for ye." The general conversation turns upon the expected invasion of England, as to which various suggestions are offered:—

"The night-time is when they will try it, if they try it at all," said old Tullidge, in the tone of one whose watch at the beacon must, in the nature of things, have given him comprehensive views of the situation. "It is my belief that the point they will choose for making the shore is just over there," and he nodded with indifference towards a section of the coast at a hideous nearness to the house in which they were assembled, whereupon Fencible Tremlett, and Cripplestraw of the Locals, tried to show no signs of trepidation.

"When d'ye think 'twill be?" said Volunteer Comfort, the blacksmith. "I can't answer to a day," said the corporal. "But it will certainly be in a down-channel tide; and instead of pulling hard against it, he'll let his boats drift, and that will bring 'em right into Weymouth Bay. 'Twill be a beautiful stroke of war, it so be 'tis quietly done!"

"Beautiful," said Cripplestraw, moving inside his clothes. "But how if we should be all abed, corporal? You can't expect a man to be brave in his shirt, especially we Locals, that have only got so far as shoulder fire-locks."

"He's not coming this summer. He'll never come at all," said a tall sergeant-major decisively.

Loveday, the soldier, was too much engaged in attending upon Anne and her mother to join in these surmises, bestirring himself to get the ladies some of the best liquor the house afforded, which had, as a matter of fact, crossed the channel as privately as Buonaparte wished his army to do, and had been landed on a dark night over the cliff. After this he asked Anne to sing; but though she had a very pretty voice in private performances of that nature, she declined to oblige him; turning the subject by making a hesitating inquiry about his brother Robert, whom he had mentioned just before.

The question about Robert leads to an announcement on John's part that his brother is in love. This scene further introduces young Festus Derriman, nephew of the miser already referred to—a personage whose singularly unpleasant character is drawn with much vividness and absence of exaggeration. It might not seem at first that there was much freshness to be got out of, or to be put into, the figure of a young man whose courage and virtue are in inverse proportion to his strength and his disposition to swagger. Out of these materials, however, Mr. Hardy has managed to make a living and novel character. Festus at once conceives an admiration for Anne, and proceeds to persecute her whenever and wherever he can with his attentions, much to the confusion of John Loveday, who on his side has an honest admiration for her, but suffers himself to be cut out by the bullying yeomanry man. Some of the scenes between Festus and Anne are capital, though here and there the humour is

a trifle strained. Better still, perhaps, is the scene of John Loveday's first proposal to Anne, after he has received her mother's permission to try his chance with her. He has got his opportunity of being left alone with her, but is so embarrassed by his emotions that "it may be questioned whether he would ever have broached the subject at all, had not a distant church clock opportunely assisted him by striking the hour of three." At this he heaved a sigh of relief and said, "That clock strikes in G sharp." "Indeed, G sharp," said Anne civilly. "Then he goes on to tell how he had a wager with the bandmaster of the North Wessex Militia about the note. "He said the note was G; I said it wasn't. When we found it was G sharp we didn't know how to settle it." From music he diverges as naturally as he can to the advantages of a Trumpet-Major's position, and finally manages to make his proposal, which is practically rejected.

Events now become complicated by the arrival of Bob Loveday, the sailor, who appears laden with presents, none of which he can persuade Anne to accept, and who, some days later, goes off to fetch home his intended bride, Miss Johnson, of whom he knows practically nothing except that he has fallen in love with her at Southampton, and that she has represented herself as being possessed of much gentility and of a rich aunt. On her arrival at the mill curious things happen. When John Loveday comes in she faints, and the next morning she disappears, leaving no clue to her whereabouts or to her reasons for flight. Bob accounts for it on the supposition that "We weren't good enough for her, and she went away in scorn." The father retorts that "She seemed glad enough to get hold of us," to which Bob replies that he who has never been out of Overcombe in his life cannot know "what delicate feelings are in a real refined woman's mind. Any little vulgar action unreeves their nerves like a marine spike. Now I wonder if you did anything to disgust her?"

"Faith! not that I know of," said Loveday, reflecting. "I didn't say a single thing that I should naturally have said, on purpose to give no offence."

"You was always very homely, you know, father."

"Yes; so I was," said the miller meekly.

"I wonder what it could have been," Bob continued, wandering about restlessly. "You didn't go drinking out of the big mug with your mouth full, or wipe your lips with your sleeve?"

"That I'll swear I didn't!" said the miller firmly. "Thinks I, there's no knowing what I may do to shock her, so I'll take my solid victuals in the bakehouse, and only a crumb and a drop in her company for manners."

"You could do no more than that, certainly," said Bob gently.

Subsequently John feels bound to explain that Miss Johnson's disappearance is due to his intervention, because "she was not a woman who could possibly be your wife." Bob, however, expresses in different language Othello's sentiments as to the blessings of ignorance, and goes so far as to start in quest of the missing Miss Johnson; but, moved by better counsels, turns back, to find that the miller, anxious that all the wedding preparations should not be wasted, has hastened his own long-intended proposal of marriage to Mrs. Garland, and has been accepted. There is a difficulty about Bob's presence at the wedding-feast; he feels that he is out of tune for mirth. "Deuce take me," cries the miller, "if I would have asked her, then, if I had known 'twas going to drive thee out of the house! Now come, Bob, I'll find a way of arranging it and sobering it down, so that it shall be as melancholy as you require—in short, just like a funeral, if thou'lt promise to stay." "Very well," replies Bob; "on that condition I'll stay."

We are by this time well in the middle of the second volume, and from this point up to the end incidents of greater or less importance follow each other in quick succession. The false alarm of an invasion leads to various developments both of the plot and of the characters, and in the latter connexion we may call special attention to a scene between the swaggering Festus Derriman and his old uncle's factotum, at a moment when all the military ought to be starting for the coast. Then come the engagement of Bob to Anne, an exciting scene of an escape from a pressgang set on Bob's track by the mean Festus, Bob's period of service under Nelson, and other matters which are so closely involved with the *dénouement* that we refrain from dwelling on them, lest we should spoil the interest of readers. The same reasons prevent us from explaining more fully the character of John Loveday, of which we have already spoken with special praise. The manner of its development, like the many merits of descriptive and perceptive power to be found in the volumes, can be more easily appreciated from reading the book itself than from any amount, however copious, of quotation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. FORNERON, who has already made successful experiments in treating the history of the sixteenth century, has begun a work on Philip II. (1), the first two volumes of which extend to the year 1576. This period of history is one of such general importance that most European nations, in this age of patient examination of archives and documents, have contributed huge masses of documentary evidence for the historian to examine, and few save specialists can hope to estimate correctly the value of each new examination. M. Forneron seems at least determined to show that the superficiality which used to be charged against

(1) *Histoire de Philippe II.* Tomes 1, 2. Par H. Forneron. Paris: Plon.

French historians is a thing of the past. His list of authorities and his citations of them are sufficiently imposing. It must be added that M. Forneron's statements are, for the most part, strictly confined to facts, and that he is very sober in the few expressions of comment and opinion which he permits himself. A chapter on the manners of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, and one on Don Carlos, may be specially cited in proof of this. The former is not worked up with any superabundance of picturesque detail, but it is graphic and effective enough. The latter exhibits with equal effectiveness the ghastly history of the prince's life and death, not the less ghastly because it is so totally different from the romantic stories—long ago, it is true, known to be wholly fictitious—which have obtained currency on the subject. M. Forneron's simple, but by no means jejune, narrative brings out better than any rhetoric could do the contrast between the high-minded, impassioned, and chivalrous prince of fiction and the deformed, mischievous, superstitious *crétin* of fact. He dismisses the supposition of any interference on the part of the Inquisition as baseless, but seems to have little doubt of the administration of slow poison when the physical incompetence, moral perversity, and mental alienation of the unlucky boy were ascertained.

In giving a *Histoire des mystères* (2) which is the first book on the subject pretending, or that could have pretended, to anything like completeness, M. Petit de Julleville has supplied what was very much wanted. The two volumes before us are indeed only part of a still more ambitious work, which is to include a history of French comedy in the middle ages, a history of the theatre of the Renaissance, and, we suppose, even more still. This *Histoire des mystères* is, however, in itself a considerable work. The task of disinterring old French literature has been going on so rapidly of late years that many meritorious works published in the last century have become practically obsolete, and the quantity of text now at the disposal of inquirers absolutely demands the assistance of a connected history. It is, for instance, only within the last three or four years that the three capital monuments of the genre, the great collection of *Miracles de la Vierge*, the huge *Mystère du vieil Testament*, and the *Passion* of Gréban have been put—the first two not yet completely, the third wholly—within the reach of ordinary readers. M. Petit de Julleville's book comes, therefore, at a good time. We cannot here examine it in detail; but we may say that, though we have noticed some dubious statements in it, it seems generally correct, and is certainly comprehensive. The plan, indeed, whereby the author in the first volume gives a general sketch of the Mysteries during their five or six centuries of life, and in the second analyses them in detail, involves a certain amount of repetition; but the fault is by no means unpardonable in such a book. Indeed the form of the second volume, which consists of a *catalogue raisonné* of Mysteries and their ascertained representations, is particularly valuable, because it admits of easy supplement as fresh investigations of the rich archives and libraries of France may bring together fresh matter.

It seems that some little time ago, when all Paris was exciting itself about vitriol-throwing, M. Claretie suggested that his friend M. Alexandre Dumas was strangely behindhand in commenting on a subject so germane to his favourite studies. M. Dumas, in reply, hastens to show his friend M. Claretie that he has not deserted his post. *Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent* (3) is an interesting *plaidoyer* in favour of divorce incidentally and women's suffrage directly. These are, in M. Dumas's highly respectable opinion, the two shortest highways now open to perfectibility. It is, however, extremely interesting to learn, great as have been M. Dumas's projects and performances already, that he has some idea of undertaking a crusade even more daring and more benevolent than any that he has yet attempted. The last sentence of his book contains a promise which cannot fail to gratify all persons, human and superhuman. "Pour le moment," says he, "nous sommes en train de délivrer la femme; quand ce sera fait nous tâcherons de délivrer Dieu." And after this it is probable that people will still continue to talk of Clarkson and Wilberforce and suchlike persons as the chief of emancipators. But we must say that M. Dumas's expectations from the second and most surprising "deliverance" are a little disappointing. "Alors," he says—that is to say, when the two emancipations have been effected—"nous verrons plus clair et nous marcherons plus vite." There really would seem to be something of disproportion between the means and the end. It is fair to say that, besides the preposterous absurdities which never fail to present themselves in any work by this author, not a few flashes of sound sense and keen wit (also as usual) appear. A sort of *lutin*, more capricious even than the famous one in Corneille's case, seems to attend M. Dumas, and to take pleasure in making him devote his talents to the illustration of the most ridiculous crotchets, and occasionally of something worse.

The veteran author of what, though by no means faultless, is certainly one of the best histories of the literature of a nation ever written in a small compass, has in two volumes (4) undertaken a somewhat ambitious task. To give in a couple of hundred pages a satisfactory sketch of any one such literature as those

which M. Demogeot handles—even though consideration be limited to its "relation with the literature of France"—needs no small study, and especially no small first-hand study. To give such sketches of all four is certainly a thing which *non contingit cuivis*. Such sketches must almost inevitably be, in part at least, secondhand, and second-hand literary history is foredoomed to error. M. Demogeot seems to us to have pursued the fatal course of looking to see what other critics have said about his subjects, and extracting their opinions with a kind of Livian eclecticism. What can be stranger, for instance, than that a Frenchman speaking to Frenchmen about an Italian should give them the opinion of an English (and not a specially qualified English) critic? Yet this is what M. Demogeot does with regard to Macchiavelli, and the critic he quotes is Lord Macaulay. Hence it is not surprising to find that his facts are frequently as inaccurate as his opinions are doubtful. We open the English part, and we find it stated that Dryden "vécut et mourut catholique"—an odd way of informing French readers that the poet's conversion took place when he was fifty-five. That the date of *Venice Preserved* is given as 1662 might be merely one of those errors of the pen or the press which it is almost impossible wholly to obviate, were it not that Otway is introduced among the heroic tragedians as an example of their "declamatory emphasis." It is needless to say that his great play is the masterpiece of the reaction against these persons and of the return to blank verse and nature. Obviously M. Demogeot has never opened *Venice Preserved*, though he names it. This demonstrable shortcoming makes us naturally dubious as to the authority with which he speaks on other matters, even where his want of it is not so clearly to be shown. It is a pity that the author of some excellent work should thus compromise a well-earned reputation.

M. Paul Stapfer, whose *Shakespeare et l'antiquité* was noticed some time ago in these columns, has collected in a volume (5) some miscellaneous essays on detached points of French literature and history. Those on "Les industries de Beaumarchais" and on "La comtesse de Rochefort" will please people who like anecdote and the personal element in literature. The other essays are more purely literary. One of the longest papers in the book is entitled "La poésie française en 1872," and now that the efforts of several English critics have made the *Parnasse* and other modern French poetry somewhat better known in England than it was a year or two ago, this paper should be found interesting reading. M. Stapfer's judgment seems to us very generally sound both as to the merits and the defects of the school and of its opponents. As to the latter, his verdict on M. Maurice Bouchor is admirable. A shorter but equally interesting essay on "Catullus, Chénier, and Musset," deserves mention, and in a notice of M. Paul de St. Victor's *Barbares et bandits* published nearly ten years ago, a view of that brilliant writer not wholly dissimilar to one recently put forward in our columns will be found. In dealing with the late M. Flaubert's *La tentation de Saint-Antoine*, we shall own that M. Stapfer appears to us to go utterly wrong, but this is the only point of serious disagreement between us. Two papers on Mérimée emphasize very excellently a curious idiosyncrasy, and (beyond all doubt) defect in that admirable master of style—to wit, his deliberate affectation of a by no means genuine cynicism—and point out the limitations which this imposed upon his critical powers. Altogether the book is one which, though necessarily of a somewhat desultory kind, contains much interesting matter—matter all the more interesting, perhaps, because the author, though evidently well read and of sufficiently catholic tastes, is very definitely French, even to the point of an occasional prejudice.

Although all humanists, if the revival of that excellent word may be pardoned, must regret the acrimonious quarrels which have arisen over the *disjecta membra* of Saint-Simon's long buried remains, the acquisition of them under whatever circumstances must be a gain to letters. The second volume of M. Faugère's edition of the unpublished works (6) contains two memoirs on the subjects which were nearest the author's heart—the legitimization of bastards, and the peculiar privileges and virtues of the *pairie*—with several "pièces diverses," including the sketch, written in the writer's most terrible style, of the Père Tellier. Let us hope that all the Saint-Simon waifs, whether published under M. Faugère's auspices or under those of anybody else, will one day or other find a home in the admirable edition of the memoirs which M. de Boislisle has just begun in the *Grands écrivains de la France*.

Two more volumes of M. Thiers's speeches (7) carry on the publication to the year 1864. That there is between Article clxx. (November 1851) and Article clxxi. (December 1863) a gap of twelve years is perhaps a fact not unworthy of mention as a striking illustration of history.

The second and last volume (8) of the supplement to M. Fétis's well-known dictionary of music and musicians has appeared.

M. Félix Pécaut (9) has compiled a volume which gives pro-

(5) *Études sur la littérature française*. Par Paul Stapfer. Paris: Fischbacher.

(6) *Œuvres inédites de Saint-Simon*. Par P. Faugère. Tome II. Mélanges. Paris: Hachette.

(7) *Discours parlementaires de M. Thiers*. Tomes 8, 9. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(8) *Biographie universelle des musiciens*. Par F. J. Fétis. Supplément et complément par A. Pougin. Paris: Firmin-Didot.

(9) *Deux mois de mission en Italie*. Par Félix Pécaut. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(2) *Les mystères*. Par L. Petit de Julleville. 2 tomes. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(3) *Les femmes qui tuent et les femmes qui votent*. Par A. Dumas fils. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Histoire des littératures étrangères*. 1. *Italie—Espagne*. 2. *Angleterre—Allemagne*. Par J. Demogeot. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

bably the most complete account in existence of the system of public instruction (especially of girls) actually existing in Italy. It is unfortunately necessary to say that it is very far from an amusing volume, the author being apparently eaten up by the twin zeal of mechanical educationalism and Republican politics. But the facts seem to be honestly stated, and the book, as a book of reference for persons interested in the subject, is by no means devoid of merit. Every fresh example, however, of the obsolescence in France of a certain maxim about the *genre ennuyeux* (we might go further and say the *genre bête*) is of evil augury.

Eighteen years ago, it would appear, M. Jules Barni delivered a course of lectures in Geneva on "the Victims of Free-thought," a course which certainly, considering Servetus and Rousseau, might have been delivered in a less appropriate place. M. Barni, who was probably at that time an exile, is now a French Deputy, and his lectures have been reprinted (10). They deal (besides the persons just mentioned) with some interesting figures, such as Abelard, Bruno, Campanella, Vanini, &c., but the handling, though honest and painstaking, cannot be said to be particularly adroit.

All persons who are not weary of Dantean commentary may read M. Julian Klaczko's work (11) on this and other things without fear of being inordinately bored. He has taken the form of dialogue for his work, but his characters preach in a manner which Socrates would have found scarcely tolerable.

"Un Diplomate" (12) has paid England the compliment of borrowing from her his term for a *καλοκαγαθός*, and has illustrated his conception thereof at considerable length. The oddest part of the book is a list of personages who, to the author's mind, bear the name of gentleman worthily. Most of them, we confess, are persons of whom we have not previously heard, the reason of which is perhaps that the majority seem to be of Portuguese nationality. Perhaps this also accounts for the fact that the only Englishman enrolled in this list *clarorum virorum* is the present Lord Lytton, whom the author, supposing his observations of "the gentleman" to have been conducted on the banks of the Tagus, may naturally have had most opportunities of studying.

M. Léopold Lacour has put much sound sense and good criticism into his book (13) on the three chief dramatists (MM. Augier, Dumas fils, and Sardou) of the veteran battalion now living in France; and he promises us a supplement on MM. Gondinet, Labiche, Barrière, &c., to which we look forward with pleasure. The chief and principal thing is that M. Lacour has declared war to the knife against M. Zola. In this question lie the issues of life or death for French literature nowadays, and any vigorous recruit on the right side is to be welcomed.

M. Lemerre's *Petite bibliothèque littéraire* has received two accessions—the fourteenth volume (containing *Macbeth* and *Othello*) of François Victor Hugo's translation of Shakespeare (14), and the first volume (15) of an edition of Paul de Musset's sketches of the literary oddities of the seventeenth century.

The *Histoire de Bayart* (16), which Messrs. Hachette published not long ago in their *Bibliothèque des Ecoles et des familles*, has been republished with an English introduction and notes by M. Jules Bué.

The most remarkable thing in the fifth number of the *Revue des arts décoratifs* (17) is the representation (on what scale we are not told) of a cup and cover of the sixteenth century in goldsmith's work. The proportions are admirable, and the ornaments, chiefly in winged monsters of a dragonish kind, are excellently disposed.

The usual deluge of almanacs (18) has set in at Paris. The *Almanach de la bonne cuisine* will teach any misguided person who believes in it to ruin a salmon by stewing him in champagne. The veritable *Triple Liégeois* will give all sorts of learned information to whosoever can decipher its very blunt type on its very grey paper. The *Almanach-album des célébrités* explains itself. Three different publications bear the name, honoured by almanac-buyers, of Mathieu de la Drôme, and as they are of different prices and all come from the same publishers, no uncomfortable suspicion of piracy need be entertained. The *Almanach parisien* has a pleasing absence of special features. On the contrary, the *Almanach des Parisiennes* preserves some of the least edifying fancies which have inspired M. Grévin's ingenious but vagabond pencil. The *Almanach comique* really has some

claim to its title, though it makes an Englishman think somewhat regretfully of the "Comic Almanacs" of the days of his youth. Good Catholics, "scientists," young mothers, dolls, feminine persons anxious for fashions not more than a year old—all have their Year-books. There is the *Almanach de France et du musée des familles*—an odd conjunction; the little national *Almanach de France*, with a ferocious Turco on the cover; the *Almanach astrologique*; the *Almanach prophétique* (which is not so amusing as the pantagrueline prognostications); and the Lunatic Almanac. The *Charivari* has its book, and indeed several; for more than one of those already mentioned draw their illustrations from that periodical. The *Almanach pour rire* may be applied to the mid-ribs which the *Almanach comique* has failed to move. Finally, *Le parfait Vigneron* laments the policy of a short-sighted Government, which objects to the perfect wine-grower supplementing his stock of Lafitte with raisin-wine; the *Almanach du savoir vivre* reproduces, though perhaps in a less bungling manner, the minute directions of our own well-known manuals of etiquette; and the "Illustrated Thief" gives, like the *Almanach des célébrités*, plentiful portraits of persons whose life or death has been notable in the past twelvemonth.

The novels on which we have to comment are all of fair average merit, or perhaps a little more, but offer nothing very remarkable. Three anonymous *Histoires intimes* (19) are carefully written, with a certain dash of the preposterous; as, for instance, in the first, where a widow courted by a younger man long refuses his suit for fear of becoming an object "which he can only love out of pity," but consents on learning that she has incurable heart complaint. M. Eugène Chavette (20) opens a novel with a mystery which would have made Mr. Wilkie Collins's mouth water fifteen years ago. M. Ulbach's known wealth is such that he does not incur the suspicion of poverty by adapting (21) a novel from the famous Hungarian romancer. *Le tapis vert* is of the class to which we should expect it to belong—a novel of incident, the scene being, not Hungary, but Poland and Russia. M. Henri Rochefort seems to be taking vigorously to his new function of novel-writing. *Le palefrenier* (22) is, we think, his most successful effort as yet of the kind. In it an enthusiastic Communist converts and marries the daughter of his Legitimist employer, and she goes out to join him in New Caledonia. That not wholly delightful region seems to have produced upon M. Rochefort's spirits the effect untranslatably denominated in French "obsession." He cannot keep it out of his memorials. Lastly has to be noticed a kind of dramatic romance which M. Ferdinand Fabre has written, not, as it seems to us, without some inspiration from M. Alphonse Daudet. *L'hospitière* (23) is a sufficiently touching story of Cevenol peasant life. It is preceded, however, by a would-be playful account of the history of its composition, and of the debates between M. Fabre's "Moi de Paris" and "Moi d'Yport," at which latter place *L'hospitière*, we are to suppose, first saw the light. This seems to presuppose a greater interest on the part of readers in the processes of the author's mind than they (to judge from ourselves) invariably feel.

(19) *Histoires intimes*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(20) *L'oncle du Monsieur de Madame*. Par Eugène Chavette. Paris: Dentu.

(21) *Le tapis vert*. Par Louis Ulbach. Imité de Maurice Jokai. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(22) *Le palefrenier*. Par Henri Rochefort. Paris: Charpentier.

(23) *L'hospitière*. Par Ferdinand Fabre. Paris: Charpentier.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(10) *Les martyrs de la libre pensée*. Par Jules Barni. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

(11) *Causeries florentines*. Par Julian Klaczko. Paris: Plon.

(12) *Le gentleman*. Par un Diplomate. Paris: Plon.

(13) *Trois théâtres*. Par Léopold Lacour. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(14) *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare*. Traduites par François Victor Hugo. Tome 14. Paris: Lemerre.

(15) *Originaux du 17^{ème} siècle*. Par Paul de Musset. Paris: Lemerre.

(16) *Histoire de Bayart*. Par D'Aubigné. With Notes by Jules Bué. London and Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

(17) *Revue des arts décoratifs*. Septembre 1880. Paris: Quantin.

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